That time I got drunk and married the Radio Demon

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/58138564.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hazbin Hotel (Cartoon)
Relationship:	Alastor/Vox (Hazbin Hotel)
Characters:	Alastor (Hazbin Hotel), Vox (Hazbin Hotel), Valentino (Hazbin Hotel), Velvette (Hazbin Hotel), Charlie Magne | Morningstar, Angel Dust (Hazbin Hotel), Rosie (Hazbin Hotel)
Additional Tags:	accidentally married, Vox and Al got drunk and had a vegas wedding whoops, turns out those things are legally binding double whoops, now they can enter their divorced era in earnest, radiostatic, Crack Treated Seriously, Humour, Alastor Being a Jerk (Hazbin Hotel)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of That time I got divorced
Stats:	Published: 2024-08-13 Completed: 2024-09-01 Words: 21,721 Chapters: 3/3

That time I got drunk and married the Radio Demon

by Godlizza

Summary

Luga just stared at him, her mask of indifference slipping into incredulity. “Sir,” she began slowly, “you are aware that those weddings are real, aren’t you?”

“What?” Vox said, startling out of his trip down memory lane.

Vox blinked at Luga. She didn’t blink back.

With a growing cavern of ice freezing over the pit of his stomach, Vox said, “No, they’re not.”

“Yes, they are.”

~*~

Or: that time Vox and Alastor got drunk and had a vegas wedding, not realising it was legal.

Notes

God help me, my Hazbin Hotel fic is inspired by an episode of Big Bang Theory. Once I got this idea in my head, it was too funny not to write. Hope you all enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

It started with a succubus.

Vox had always been partial to the traditional, sultry beauty of succubi and incubi alike. They were temptation incarnate, fitted out with taught fuchsia skin, full breasts and rippling muscles. After several decades in Hell, Vox had slept with his fair share of demons of all forms, and while he was game enough to venture into bed with some truly bizarre-looking individuals, he couldn't deny the allure of the classics. It had been some time since he'd had the pleasure of taking a literal sex demon home with him, and when he spotted a group of them all clustered together by the bar one night, he figured it had been long enough.

Maybe, if Vox didn't have such tastes, or if he hadn't been so horny that night, none of what followed would've happened. He could've gone on living in blissful ignorance for however much longer until the universe decided to drop that anvil on his head. Alas, Valentino had dragged him out that night with the promise of booze and boobs, and who was Vox to say no to that?

While Val chatted up a couple of slinky butterfly demons in their booth, Vox sipped his drink and cast his eyes across the flashing lights of the club floor to the group of succubi chatting and giggling amongst themselves. He traced his eyes down the columns of their long legs, visible beneath short skirts and bodysuits, accentuated with wicked stilettos. Their tails flicked enticingly, swaying back and forth hypnotically, like they were beckoning Vox to come over. His gaze latched on a girl at the edge of the group, her own eyes, ringed with sparkly black eyeshadow, sussing out the crowd.

So, she was scoping out the scene too? Vox liked those chances. He downed the rest of his drink and rose to his feet, straightening up his tie.

"Be right back," he said to Val without losing sight of the succubus. "Or maybe not."

He heard Val answer with a vague grunt before Vox plastered on a smooth smile and made his way across the dancefloor, over to the bar. He sidled up beside the succubus and skimmed his knuckle along the edge of her spiked wing.

"Hey there, sweet thing," he crooned, leaning back against the bar. "How you feel about going home with a big shot tonight?"

The succubus turned at the sound of his voice, a smirk of her own stretched across plump lips. She glanced over him with interest, spinning her body around on the barstool she was seated on and giving him a full view of the deliciously deep cut of her dress. Just when Vox thought it was a done deal, something in her face changed. Her nose scrunched up and she frowned, nearly going cross-eyed, before leaning back, the shutters coming down over her eyes.

"Sorry, babe. But I don't do married guys," she said, then shuddered, her wings quivering. *"Not anymore."*

Vox was too taken aback to reply right away. Married? Was his work suit coming across less sexy businessman and more stuffy married guy? He shook his head, quickly recovering his charming smile.

“Hah, well, I guess it’s a good thing I’m not married,” he replied smoothly.

“Nice try,” she scowled. “You can leave the ring at home but I can practically smell the matrimony wafting off of you.” She emphasised this by dipping close and taking a big whiff. “Smells pretty ripe too. How long’s it been? Ten years? Twenty? Can’t say I blame you for wanting to throw it all away for a piece of this ass, but the answer’s no.”

Vox was well and truly lost now but determined not to let it show. Still, he couldn’t quite keep the confusion or bewilderment out of his voice.

“I, uh, really don’t know what you’re talking about. I’m most definitely single and-“ he dropped his voice an octave, low and seductive, “-ready to mingle.”

The succubus suddenly flapped one of her wings between them, forming a barbed barrier she glared at him over the top of.

“Listen, pal, I’m not interested. So, why don’t you stop wasting my time and crawl back to whatever wifey or hubby you got at home waiting for you?” Her smile thinned, sharp as the horns on her head. “Maybe you’ll have better luck with them.”

Vox’s own smile fell from his face, replaced with a frown. Annoyance simmered under his skin in the form of static electricity. He’d fried demons for less than the way she’d just spoken to him. Did she not know who he was? Did she not realise he could vaporise her on the spot? And unlike sinners, a hellborn like her wouldn’t be able to respawn in a new, uninjured body. He could’ve done it, just to send a message to others not to cross him, but the other succubi were beginning to look their way and were slowly forming a protective ring around their sister.

So, Vox made the business decision to let it go, pacing back towards his booth without another word. After all, Val liked this place, and he didn’t think the owners would take kindly to Vox killing one of their patrons. Succubi were usually more trouble than they were worth anyway.

By the time he fell back into his seat, Val had on of the butterfly demons straddling his lap and sucking at his neck. Two of his hands caressed her body, while the other two held his glass and cigarillo, allowing him to alternate between taking drags of smoke and sipping his drink. He peered around the woman’s ass when Vox swiped up another glass and threw the rest of it back.

“Aw, it’s okay,” Val cooed when he spotted the look on Vox’s face. “We all strike out sometimes. Well. Some of us do.” When Vox didn’t say anything, he clarified, “You. I’m talking about you.”

“Let’s get out of here,” Vox grumbled, pulling out his wallet and tossing some cash on the table. He rose to his feet again as Val slapped the woman’s ass, signalling for her to get up.

Vox cast a look over at the group of succubi, unable to ignore the seed of puzzlement that bitch had planted in his brain. He shook his head to clear it and turned towards the exit. “This place is lame anyway.”

He began to walk away and heard Val groan behind him.

“Ugh, fine. But I’m not sucking your dick tonight just ‘cause you have no game.”

Vox had been ready to forget about the whole incident and put it behind him, chalking it up to nothing more than a bitch with a weird nose who didn’t know what she was talking about. He probably would’ve done just that if it weren’t for Luga. It was a couple weeks later when his assistant informed him that his latest head of legal wanted to meet with him.

Vox glanced up from his tablet as he strolled down the catwalk over-looking the assembly line. Voxtek was days away from launching another round of vouyertech drones and he anticipated a sell-out on their first day.

“Did she say why?” Vox asked, only half listening as his assistant scrambled behind him, prattling on.

“Er, no, Sir. Just that it was very urgent.”

Vox sighed. He always preferred being on the factory floor leading up to a product drop, over-seeing the manufacturing side of things. Of course, something *urgent* would always crop up, demanding his attention. He’d always envisioned having people to do the menial tasks for him, but he supposed when no one could do what he did, people wouldn’t be up to the job. It was his cross to bear, as the only bitch worth anything in this company.

“Fine,” he grunted, thrusting his tablet against his assistant’s chest, who fumbled to catch it. “See to it that Batch 1 makes it to packaging by the end of the day and only call me if there’s a fire.”

He didn’t wait around for a reply. In a flash, he was a bolt of electricity, travelling through the wires and up to the third floor. Luga, to her credit, didn’t startle or squawk like so many other lawyers had before her. She merely sniffed as Vox materialised in front of her desk.

“Luga,” Vox said by way of greeting, straightening up his suit. “I was told there was some urgent business for us to discuss?”

“That’s correct, Sir,” Luga said with a nod, standing from her office chair.

The chair squeaked with relief as her considerable bulk was lifted. With her smooth, rubbery skin, sloping head, and black and white colouring, Luga bore a striking resemblance to a killer whale. She certainly looked as though she’d be more at home smashing in skulls than squeezing her hefty body into a pencil skirt and pumps, but she was cut-throat and efficient, so Vox hadn’t thought twice before hiring her. *Legal Luga* he’d been calling her in his head.

She adjusted her glasses on the tip of her nose as she flicked through a clipboard. “I was reviewing some paperwork when I noticed something…concerning.”

Vox grunted, not really paying attention as he strolled in a circle around her office, taking in the sparse décor. She had a painting of some bluebells above her desk and a mug that had the slogan *Deal with it* painted across the ceramic face.

“Is that right?”

“Yes,” she went on, leaning against the lip of her desk and crossing her legs at the ankles. “You see, as I was reading over all the business taxes filed since the foundation of Voxtek, I couldn’t help but notice you didn’t declare your spouse on a single one.”

That got Vox’s attention. He paused in the process of rifling through a cup of pens next to Luga’s laptop and swivelled around to face her. She looked at him expectantly over the top of the clipboard. She was nearly twice his height, which meant he was staring straight up her nose as he gawked at her.

“Um,” Vox began once he’d regained control of himself, “maybe that’s because I don’t *have* a spouse.”

Luga hummed, her lips pursed, and turned back to her papers. “I didn’t think so either at first, but whenever I take on a new client, I like to do a little background check, you know? Just so I know what I’m getting into. Criminal records, prior notices, anything like that.”

Criminal record? They were in Hell! A criminal record was basically a requirement for entry!

“And martial status, past or present. Lo and behold, I stumbled upon this little beauty when I looked you up in the registry.” Luga pulled a sheet of paper from the stack and passed it to Vox, who accepted it with shaking hands. “Says you’ve been married over fifteen years. Congratulations.” She didn’t sound enthused in the slightest. “I can’t say I blame you for wanting to keep it under wraps, though. Considering who your other half is, anyway.”

Vox’s systems were already heating up at an alarming rate as he glanced down at the flimsy paper in his hands. The document proclaimed to be a marriage certificate, dated from August 1st, 2009. His eyes were bugging so much he thought they might pop clean through his screen as he glanced down at his name, penned in his own neat handwriting, and beside it, scrawled in the adjoining box-

Alastor, the ‘Radio Demon’ :D

Vox’s screen glitched out as he screamed *“What!?”*

His words echoed, stacking on top of each other as he fought to wrestle his hardware out of an error cycle and back under his control. He clutched at his head, the paper proclaiming him to be married to fucking *Alastor* gently floating to the floor. After a minute of his internal fans whirring to cool him down and his safety checks redirecting the bugs threatening to shut him down, Vox’s vision swam back into focus. Luga had fished the marriage certificate off the floor and stood, waiting, her face set in a mask of indifference.

Vox's hands shook as he licked his dry lips. "There- This has to be some kind of mistake. A filing error."

"I checked at three separate courthouses and the Hell-wide marriage registry," Luga replied calmly. "They all came back the same. It's not a filing error."

"But this- This isn't possible," Vox argued, his voice sounding desperate to his own ears. He pulled his hat off and dragged a hand over his antennae as he blinked against the pixels threatening to black out his vision. "I think I'd remember getting married to that guy."

He spat the words out with disdain, folding his arms over his chest. Luga straightened up her notes and cleared her throat.

"Some sources have informed me the two of you used to be…rather close?" she said, meaning hanging heavy in her choice of words.

Vox ground his teeth against the blast of heat that rushed to his monitor. His fans kicked into high gear, embarrassingly loud in the silence of the office.

"We were acquaintances," Vox settled on. When all Luga did was raise her non-existent eyebrows, he felt compelled to go on, "But we didn't get *fucking married!* The closest we ever got was one of those stupid fake weddings at Atlantis City."

Vox scoffed just thinking about it. His mind hadn't resurfaced *that* memory in a long time. Honestly, it was still kind of fuzzy, just a patchwork quilt of stitched-together recollections from his and Alastor's drunken night around the known party ring of Pentagram City. It wasn't a spot they had frequented much in their time together, but Vox had been feeling lucky and wanted to try his hand at some good, old gambling, so he'd pestered Alastor into joining him.

The night had started with a couple of glasses of rye and a round of black jack, then had progressed to tequila shots and slot machines, before finally reaching vodka sodas and roulette. Vox had won big, much to their shared delight and the annoyance of the dealer, who'd been glaring at Alastor's soundboard of reactions throughout the whole game. High off his victory, Vox had pulled Alastor onto the dancefloor, the two of them spinning round the casino while guzzling flutes of champagne.

This was where things got truly fuzzy in Vox's brain. He remembered them running around the casino together, drunk off their tits and spouting nonsense about Vox's grand destiny, now that he was filthy rich (it had only been a few thousand, and they'd spent it all that night on alcohol and a window Alastor had accidentally shattered by kicking his shoe off in an over-excited attempt at a cartwheel), then they'd spotted the chapel. Vox couldn't recall who had suggested what a fun joke it would be to get fake married, but one veil headband and fifty dollars later, they had been slurring their way through a couple of *"I do"*s.

Vox was pretty sure he'd tried to kiss Alastor. He'd missed after Alastor, who was off balance courtesy of being down a shoe, had tripped over and face-planted into the cardboard backdrop of a sandy beach. A polaroid photo of the incident was probably stuck to that chapel's wall as Vox stood there, trying to piece together what was happening.

Luga just stared at him, her mask of indifference slipping into incredulity. “Sir,” she began slowly, “you are aware that those weddings are real, aren’t you?”

“What?” Vox said, startling out of his trip down memory lane.

Vox blinked at Luga. She didn’t blink back.

With a growing cavern of ice freezing over the pit of his stomach, Vox said, “No, they’re not.”

“Yes, they are.”

Vox swallowed against the prickly phantom hand squeezing his throat. “No, they’re not! It was totally spur of the moment! The whole thing took, like, five minutes! The officiant was some bum in a cheap Mammon costume! There’s no way that was real.”

Vox was aware that he sounded panicked and that was because he was fucking panicking. He gripped his monitor as he paced back and forth across the floor. Error messages were beginning to pop up faster than he could dismiss them. Luga just sat there passively, her head swivelling on her meaty neck as she watched him burn a hole in her carpet.

“While I can appreciate this must be quite distressing, Sir, we should really co-ordinate our next step to ensure-“

“I need to speak to my associates,” Vox interjected, coming to an abrupt halt in the centre of the room.

He transformed into a bolt of electricity, zapping up through the light fixture before Luga could get a word out. He needed to sort this shit out. *Now*.

“Holy shit!” Val cackled, clutching at his side. “I think I’m actually fucking dying.”

“I wish you fucking would,” Vox bit out between his clenched teeth. “Now, would you cut it out?”

“I can’t,” Val wheezed, crumpling to his knees as he doubled over from laughing so hard. “It’s too perfect.”

Vox snarled in exasperation, throwing is hands up in the air. He longed to wrap his claws around Val’s throat and shut his shrill laughing up that way. Instead, he crossed his arms and glared at Val’s quivering shoulders, tapping his foot against the sleek tiles of his, Val’s, and Velvette’s shared living space.

As though summoned by his thoughts, the doors swished open and admitted Velvette. She strolled into the room, her heels clicking on the floor, only pausing to look up from her phone when she noticed Valentino nearly curled into the fetal position. She flicked a questioning glance at Vox.

“The fuck’s going on here? *This* better not be the reason I was called away from the studio.”

She poked a finger in Val’s direction, her lip curled with disdain.

“No, it’s something else,” Vox answered.

Val finally stopped laughing long enough to lift his head up and grin at Velvette. “It’s way better! Go on, Vox. Tell her.”

He was practically vibrating with glee as he rolled onto his stomach, threading his fingers beneath his chin and watching Vox expectantly.

Vox sighed. “Well, I-“

“Wait! Can I tell her?” Val pleaded. He jumped to his feet, excited as a kid on Christmas morning. “Please?” Vox opened his mouth but Val barrelled over him before he could speak. “No, no, you tell her. It’s way funnier hearing you say it.”

“Someone better tell me,” Velvette demanded, hands going to her hips.

“It’s not a big deal,” Vox preluded, ignoring the way Val snickered into his hand. “I just met with our head of legal and it turns out that I’m…” He mumbled the last word into his fist, earning him another raucous laugh from Val.

Velvette narrowed her eyes, her blue eye shadow really making the angry red of her sclera pop. “What was that?” She turned her head to the side and cupped her hand around her ear, leaning close. “Because it sounded like you just said you were married, but I *know* you didn’t say that because that would be fucking ridiculous.”

“He is though!” Val squealed, squeezing Vox’s shoulders and grinning, ear-to-ear. “Tragedy it is, you, I, and every other poor sap Vox has swindled into fucking him the last decade and a half have been made into homewreckers.” He pinched Vox’s cheek and said with a pout, “That’s poor form, Voxy.”

“Oh, fuck off,” Vox growled, batting his hand away.

Val just snickered as Vox rubbed at his cheek, steaming mad. Velvette watched them, her face screwed up into a look of bafflement. She and Vox locked eyes. Her eyebrows bounced up as if to say, *You’re not gonna deny it?* Vox’s answering droopy frown said, *No, unfortunately*.

“What-“ Velvette burst out, “the *fuck?* You’re being serious right now? You’re *married* and you never told us?”

“I didn’t know!” Vox yelled, ready to tear his antennae out. He desperately wanted to change the channel on his fucking life. Soap operas were so out, anyway.

This just made Velvette more incredulous. Her voice arced up an octave as she screamed back, *“How can you not know?* Or was it some other TV-headed shit-stain that got hitched *for* you?”

Vox did his best to explain himself, the same as he'd done with Val. Unlike Val, Velvette didn't interject every two seconds to laugh at him. Instead, she just listened to his Sparks Notes version of his story in Atlantis City casino with an increasingly mystified expression creasing her brow. He got worked up again just hearing the tale from his own mouth, the reality of his situation really sinking in.

He was back to pacing the floor by the time he got to the end of his yarn. "There's a marriage certificate and everything. It's totally legit, which is crazy! How can they just let drunk people get married? Shouldn't you at least have to pass a breathalyser test or something? Fuck! And it's been too long to just get it annulled."

"I'm sorry," Velvette cut in, pinching her brow. "Can we pause just how much of a fucking idiot you are for one second? I'm still lost on who the other tosser is that's as dumb as you."

Vox had pointedly kept Alastor's name out of his second rendition of the story, fearing this exact moment. This, of course, just delighted Val more.

"Oh, but that's the best part!"

Vox took a deep breath, his shoulders hunched. "It's-"

"Alastor!" Val yelled, unable to contain himself. He threw his head back and laughed, collapsing on the couch to clutch at his stomach and kick his feet. "Can you believe that? He's been married to Alastor this whole fucking time!"

"Not the whole time!" Vox argued, his screen instantly heating up. "Just since 2009!"

Velvette rubbed her eyes as she growled, *"Vox."*

The dangerously low tone of her voice froze Vox to the spot and even got Valentino to shut up. She lowered her hand and glared daggers at him over her meticulously crafted acrylic nails. They were a shiny set of pink and black marble patterns, dotted with glittery rhinestones.

"If you don't sort this shit out-" Her hand was enveloped with a red glow, like she'd slipped on a glove, and Vox's tie suddenly felt a lot tighter. His hands flew to his throat but she pressed closer, her painted lips peeled back in a snarl. "-You won't have to worry about getting a divorce because I'll have made Alastor a fucking widow!"

With every word, she took a step closer, her fingers curling in and making Vox's tie squeeze tighter until he was choking and gasping for air.

"Okay!" he managed to squeak, his screen turning blue. "I've got it!"

Velvette held his bug-eyed gaze a moment longer before rolling her eyes and flicking her wrist. In an instant, the red haze covering her hand disappeared, along with the pressure around Vox's neck. He sagged, coughing as he dragged in precious oxygen. His head swam but he still heard Val purr from the couch.

"Damn, baby. I love it when you get freaky like that."

“Whatever,” Velvette said, though there was a pleased little tilt to her mouth. “What I want to know is what you’re going to do about this.”

She aimed this question at Vox, who was still trying to catch his breath. Val stretched out languorously, crossing his long legs at the ankle.

“Do we even need to do anything about it? If he’s gone this long without it being a problem, why should it start now?”

“You’re seriously saying he should just stay married to that creepy fuck?” Velvette asked, arcing an eyebrow.

Vox didn’t love how the two of them were now talking as if he weren’t in the room, but he was still trying to get his bruised vocal cords back under control.

Val shrugged. “Maybe they can be married with benefits.”

“That is *not* happening,” Vox rasped, wincing as he rubbed at his throat. He straightened up his suit jacket, trying to regain the demeanour Velvette had effortlessly stripped him of. He folded his hands behind his back and glanced out the window overlooking the city. The Vee tower was one of the tallest buildings in the Pride ring, topped only by the Heaven embassy. It gleamed white and gold, a sparkling pillar of purity at odds with the foul tempest raging in Vox’s chest. “If Luga was able to just look this up, that means anyone can. We can’t have this getting out. It’d be a total shit show. Now, I just need to get a quiet divorce rolling and we’ll be in the clear.”

“Do you think he knows?”

Vox was startled out of his ramblings by Val’s question. He turned from the window and looked at Val, who was examining his nails with apparent disinterest to Vox’s plight. He supposed the comedy of the situation had finally worn off.

Vox blinked. “Who?”

Val gave him a look, letting his hand fall to his lap. “Who do you think? *Alastor*. Do you think he knows you’re married?”

“No way,” Vox instantly answered, his words scraped from his throat with a laugh. “He’d never let that sit, there’s no way. I mean, if he did know why would he just let it go on for this long?” Vox became more uncertain as he spoke, the echoes of Alastor’s cruel laugh and sinister smile bouncing around his mind. “…Unless he knew all along it was real, and he’s just been biding his time, planning to use this to ruin me.”

He peered anxiously at Val, who just shrugged again.

Vox stared down at his hands, his whole body feeling like he’d just been dunked in ice.

“Fuck.”

He needed a divorce. *Stat*.

Alastor was determined to have a nice day. Well, perhaps *nice* wasn't quite apt. Little birdies chirping in trees were *nice*. Freshly blooming flowers after a spot of spring rain were *nice*. His idea of a good day involved a fair amount of what was decidedly *not* that. It wasn't that he didn't enjoy the occasional peaceful walk in pleasant scenery, it was just that it all got terribly dull so quickly. Perhaps if he saw a piano fall on an unsuspecting passerby or just so happened to stumble across a bank robbery his day could be made. Now, that would be a walk worth remembering!

As it was, Alastor merely strolled down the street, whistling to himself as he thought ahead to what he ought to make for dinner. He still had the head of his latest kill hanging on a hook in his den. Maybe he could pick up some of that snazzy rock salt Rosie had mentioned and-

"Alastor."

Alastor's tune died, mid-whistle, on his puckered lips. He slowly turned his head to the side to peer in through a large display window, housing several television sets. Most played separate channels, one a sports game, one some kind of news segment, and another what appeared to be a dramatic romance if the way the two characters were passionately yelling at each other in low-buttoned shirts was anything to go by. In the centre TV, however, was the face of Vox, staring at him with a disdained curl to his mouth.

Well, two could play at that game. Alastor kept his genial smile but allowed his eyes to do the talking, narrowing as he stared Vox down through the window.

"Ah, Vox," said Alastor by way of greeting. "We really must stop meeting like this. Or, better yet, how about we don't meet at all? Ta ta!"

He twirled his cane in his hand and made to walk away but Vox's voice arrested his attention.

"Hold on! We need to talk."

"Hmm." Alastor tapped his chin considerately. "I thought my lack of response to all of your attempts at reaching out signalled that I am not interested in talking to you. Honestly, some people just can't take a hint."

He grinned as Vox's eye twitched in irritation. It was as he'd said though. In the last few days, he'd received not one but two letters stamped with the Vees' official wax seal, requesting an audience with him. Both had been hand delivered to the hotel's door by a couple of scraggly demons that doubtless worked for Vox or one of his inane partners. It wouldn't be so vexing if both of these notes hadn't been picked up by Charlie before they were handed onto him. Now, she was asking him questions about why one of the Vees was trying to reach out to him. A question Alastor had no desire to answer because he didn't care to find out himself. He had burned both of Vox's letters without replying, then promptly forgot about them.

Well, that wasn't quite true. *Forgot* implied it had left his mind accidentally. Alastor had purposely ignored him.

With visible effort, Vox fought to maintain his calm as he said, "*You* can't take a hint that this is actually important. I wouldn't be punishing myself by trying to talk to you if it wasn't."

"How nice," Alastor said, his voice dripping with faux pleasantries. "Perhaps you could have told me what was so important in those pesky letters?"

"No, it's-" Vox broke off with a sigh, dragging a hand down his face. He spoke half into his palm, his words coming out somewhat muffled. "It's better if we talk about this in person. This is a very *delicate* situation."

Alastor opened his mouth to refuse but paused when he noticed the pinched look on Vox's face. The way he was grimacing and couldn't seem to look Alastor in the eye. He was *uncomfortable*.

Hmm, Alastor thought. *Now that* is *interesting*.

Still, he knew better than to walk into a trap, so he shrugged and swiped up his cane. "Well, I trust that you can handle it yourself-"

"It's about Atlantis City."

Whatever Alastor had been expecting Vox to say, that hadn't been it. "Atlantis City? What about that den of lechery could possibly concern me?"

He hadn't thought of the place in years. Casinos no longer really did it for him. There were only so many times you could loosely gamble with other people's money before it got old. Besides, dealing in souls was a lot more exciting than throwing around coin.

"It concerns both of us," Vox impressed, leaning forward so that his face nearly took up the entirety of the TV screen. "Remember a while ago, the two of us went there. We got… slightly inebriated and then you decided it would be a great idea to go to the chapel-"

"Me?" Alastor interrupted. "I believe that was your idea."

This was a total lie. His memories of that night were foggy since, as Vox put it, they were both slightly inebriated (completely wasted was, perhaps, more apt but it was all semantics). Still, he wasn't about to let Vox lay the blame of that embarrassing little folly entirely at his feet. He cringed remembering the hazy snapshots of their joint walk down the ten-foot-long aisle, their drunken, improvised vows, and Alastor falling flat on his face. The whole thing made him prickly just thinking about it. What Vox's reasoning for bringing it up was, he had no clue but it had better be good.

"No, it wasn't," Vox shot back, easing away from the camera to cross his arms over his chest and glower at Alastor. "Totally all your idea."

Alastor hummed, examining his nails. "So argumentative. What happened to *happy wife, happy life?"*

He had said it in jest but Vox's answering sputter exceeded the little jab immensely. Alastor was left confused as he watched Vox heave to catch his breath and regain his composure. If

that was all it took to completely crack him, he was far less stable than even Alastor had given him credit for.

“So, you *did* know?” Vox burst out, his earlier discomfort vanishing to make way for anger.

This only confused Alastor more. “Know what?”

Vox grabbed the camera and shook it in his vehemence, boggling Alastor’s view of him as he shouted, “That the wedding was for real!”

Alastor froze. The ambient music that had been following him in the back of his head screeched to a halt, the record spinning without a needle. He was vaguely aware that Vox was still talking, rambling on and on, but Alastor stared at his prattling mouth, unable to hear anything but the long whine of white noise in his ears. His brain was awhirl, spinning a chaos of words round and round in a messy tornado of disgusting words.

Wedding? Marriage? Real?

Alastor’s lips barely moved as he said, “What was that?”

His voice was amplified louder than anything that pesky television could project. Vox winced at the screech of radio feedback that whined through their audio connection, cutting his rambling off.

The mic firmly back on him, Alastor went on, his voice dangerously light. “I thought you said something about that ridiculous imitation of a wedding ceremony we partook in over a decade ago being real?”

“It wasn’t an imitation,” Vox lamented, dragging his hands down the flat pane of his face. “I already checked it, doubled checked it, then double checked my double checks.” He dropped his hands back down to his sides, his red eyes narrowed to a couple of haggard slits as he glared at Alastor. “I’m not happy about it either but we have to face the facts. We’re married, *wifey*.”

Alastor felt the mask that was his carefully curated expression crack. His lips twitched in a sneer and he was pretty sure his antlers were branching but he couldn’t be certain. His focus was entirely on Vox, who was watching Alastor’s reaction with a growing look of wariness on his face. Alastor couldn’t remember the last time he’d so keenly watched television. Perhaps because he’d never watched it with the intent to crack the thing open and pull all its wires out.

“You mean to tell me,” Alastor began, his voice sounded distorted to his own ears, “that for the last decade or so, you and I have been legally wed?”

“Uh-“ Vox took a step back from the screen as shadows began to materialise around Alastor’s peripheral.

“Get out of that thing right now!” Alastor demanded, shooting a shadow tentacle to smash through the display window with ease. Glass rained down on the sidewalk, sending

surrounding demons scattering. He wrapped a tendril around the TV, lifting it off the ground and holding it up to his face. Vox's terrified eyes stared back. Alastor shook the TV as if that might dislodge Vox from it. "Get out of there so I can tear you apart!"

The screen flickered out just as Alastor squeezed the TV set, crushing it to shards of glass and wooden pulp.

Vox's head swam as he materialised back on the floor of the Vee tower penthouse. His heart hammered at jackrabbit speed as he pushed himself up on his hands and knees, trying to catch his breath. The image of Alastor's enraged grin was pasted to the insides of his eyelids, haunting him with every blink. He raised his head to look up at Velvette and Valentino, who had been tuned in and watching the whole exchange on the flatscreen screwed into the wall. They stared at him, Val's untouched cigarillo burning to ash in his hand.

"Well," Vox said, rising to his feet on shaky legs. "I think it's safe to say I don't think he knew."

The intercom by the elevator buzzed to life and the voice of his assistant warbled through. *"Uh, Sir?"*

"What?" Vox barked. He really didn't need interruptions right now.

"You have a visitor."

The elevator dinged politely. A beat later the doors exploded out, hurtling through the air and crashing to the ground. Vox narrowly escaped being crushed under one as he darted out of the way with an undignified squeak. A sea of snarling shadows erupted from the elevator chamber, a pair of glowing red eyes and an elongated grin the only things visible.

"There you are!" Alastor's cracked voice, riddled with radio static boomed as the shadows swept closer. *"I was thinking we could have some words, eh, old pal?"*

Vox yelped as an inky hand extended from the darkness, reaching for him. Val attempted to swat it with a rolled-up magazine, but it passed right through the shadow harmlessly. It was Velvette, stepping between them with her phone raised and flashlight on, that made Alastor halt. The beam of light hit his shadow body and made him recoil with a hiss.

"Easy, big guy," she snapped, keeping her phone trailed on the wisps of black tendrils attempting to slink around the barrier of light. "Killing Vox, while kinda funny, won't make you any less married to him. If anything, it'll drag the divorce proceedings out way longer than necessary."

"Thank you," Vox sighed, then paused as her words caught up with him. "Hey!"

The shadows stilled for a moment, before suddenly swirling in on themselves. With a poof of smoke, Alastor appeared in his regular form, hands folded neatly behind his back, gripping

his cane. He squinted against the light blaring from Velvette's phone until she switched the flashlight off with a swipe of her thumb.

"Divorce proceedings, you say?" Alastor inquired, his voice back to its regular tone. He tipped his head to the side, staring past Velvette to Vox. "You mean to say you want this whole sham of a marriage you swindled me into to be dissolved?"

In an instant, Vox's fear vanished, replaced with indignation. He stormed past Val and Velvette to jab a finger at Alastor's pleasant, smiling face.

"Swindled? I didn't swindle you into anything! You think I want to be married to your decrepit, out-dated ass?"

"That's exactly what I think, yes," Alastor replied, pinching a piece of lint off his coat.

Vox's eye twitched, his hypnosis rings warping of their own accord, but Alastor had his eyes trained on his own nails. Vox took a step forward. "You fucking-"

But Alastor swept past him, throwing an arm out to gesture grandly with his cane. "But if you're willing to end this whole charade peacefully, I see no need for things to get messier than they need to." He turned a rueful smile at Vox and sighed wistfully. "I do so hate to see divorces turn ugly. It always takes such a toll on the children."

He spoke behind his hand, flicking his cane between Velvette and Valentino. Velvette scoffed, rolling her eyes, while Val simply grinned. He'd settled himself down on the couch and was watching everything play out with an amused twinkle in his eye as he puffed out plumes of pink smoke. Vox felt as though he'd stumbled into some kind of fever-induced nightmare. He needed this all to be over so he could slip into his office and collapse at his desk.

"So, where do I sign?" Alastor asked, flicking his wrist and conjuring a fancy silver-plated fountain pen in his hand.

Vox sighed through his nose, pushing his anger and annoyance down to a simmer. "It's a little more complicated than that. There's a backlog of shit that needs to get sorted out before anything can be finalised. My legal team will be able to work it out but we'll need a representative from your half to do it."

Alastor wilted slightly, his ears dipping, before he straightened back up, the pen disappearing from his hand with a light pop. "Very well," he said airily, making his way back to the elevator. The hinges still smoked and smouldered from where Alastor had blown the doors off. He stepped inside and spun around on his heel to face the Vees. "You can have your people reach out to mine. I promise not to burn any of your fan mail this time, Vox." He jabbed a button and the elevator began to slowly descend. With a cheery wave and a, "Ta ta!" Alastor sank out of view.

"That wasn't fan mail, you fucking asshole!" Vox yelled after him.

Alastor's voice, growing more distant by the second, floated up through the open elevator shaft. "Verbal abuse of your spouse won't do you any favours in the divorce, dear."

Vox let out a snarl of frustration and lobbed a vase after him. It shattered against the wall, leaving a couple of pink lilies lying in a shower of jagged porcelain shards on the floor. Val snickered as Vox stomped off to his rooms.

Stupid succubus. Stupid Luga. Stupid *Alastor*.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Wow, thanks so much to everyone who's read/left kudos/commented! I'm so glad other people are enjoying my silly lil accidentally married/divorce era radiostatic fic haha. It's been so much fun to write, this chapter especially. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

THEN:

"You may now say your vows."

The officiant took a step back, jangling from all the bells stapled to his Mammon costume. Usually, Alastor would've found such a thing a tad uncouth at a wedding, but he was currently riding on a cloud of mixed liquor and giggles, so it just made him laugh more. His veil, a cheap, gauzy thing stuck to a headband nestled behind his antlers, kept falling over his face and getting stuck in the corner of his mouth. He spat it out for the tenth time and tried to keep his eyes open as Vox squeezed his hands.

"Okay, okay," Vox said, his words coming out slurred. He either hadn't noticed or was ignoring the streamers caught in his antennae. Either way, they were making Alastor titter. Vox tried for a suave smile but he was just as drunk as Alastor and his eyelids were drooping, so the result was questionable. "Alastor…Al. Ally. Lala. My bucko. You're jus' the- the bee's knees. I promise to always be your, uh, biggest fan. And, like, treasure you. Like a bird that finds the perfect stick for its nest." He poked Alastor in the stomach, further untucking his shirt. "'Cause you're so stickayyy!"

They both collapsed against each other in a cacophony of raucous laughter. Alastor wasn't even sure what he was laughing about but he couldn't stop. His head was a soup of warm bubbles as he straightened up, fixing his bowtie, which was threatening to come undone.

Not one to be upstaged, Alastor cleared his throat and began, "Vox. You are the swellest fella' to ever swell. Truly, the world's your pearly lil' oyster." He didn't entirely know what he was saying but Vox beamed at him (literally, Alastor had to squint against the brightness of his screen) so he figured he must be saying something right. "I promise you'll never be rid of me! Jus' like that big head of yours!"

He accentuated this by rapping his knuckles against the hard edge of Vox's TV head with a dull clank. Vox's eyes fizzled into a static of pixels before refocusing. He grabbed Alastor's hand as the two of them laughed some more, accompanied by a laugh track of Alastor's summoning. A green light enveloped their joined hands, glowing bright before fizzling out

into a plume of smoke in the shape of a question mark, as though the powers of binding themselves didn't know how to wrap their drunken vows into a deal.

The officiant, who smelled of stale corn chips and cigarette smoke, cleared his throat and spoke up again. "Do you, Vox, take this demon to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

Vox drew himself up to his full height, a streamer falling from his antennae in the process, and flashed a thousand-watt smile. "I so do."

"And do you, Alastor, take this demon to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

Alastor, who still couldn't get the song he and Vox had danced to earlier out of his head, chirped, "You betchya!"

"Then by the power vested in me by this holy casino, I now pronounce you totally married. You may now kiss."

Alastor swayed as Vox leaned forward, trying to right his balance. Without his left shoe, however, his hoof didn't meet the carpet at the expected time, so he keeled straight over. By the time his brain had registered he was falling, Alastor's antlers had pierced the cardboard backdrop and he was flat on his face. He faintly registered the sound of a polaroid camera clicking and Vox blustering but the drink was finally winning the battle of his faculties. He was vaguely aware of some arms encircling his waist and trying to hoist him back onto his feet, but he was already out, his head phasing out into a blur of white noise and giggles.

<u>NOW:</u>

Presently, Alastor was unfortunately sober. He sat in his usual armchair in the parlour as Vaggie and Charlie gawked at him. Even the ambient music he had playing from the radio didn't seem to be working to settle their moods as he'd hoped.

"What do you mean you're *married?"* Vaggie demanded, her screeching at odds with the smooth jazz wafting through the parlour.

Alastor did well to conceal his annoyance as he rolled his eyes and explained. "Well, you see, my dear, it's been a popular practice among mortals and demons alike for quite some time and I-"

"How can you be married to *him?"* Vaggie interrupted, shooting to her feet so she could stomp around the coffee table, mostly prattling to herself. "And for so long!"

Alastor shrugged. "Hell doesn't have the same hang-ups about members of the same sex getting married, unlike Earth."

"That's not what I meant," she snapped, coming to a stop at his feet. Her hair practically bristled as she glared down at him. "How has this never come up?"

“If you’d *listen*,” Alastor emphasised, bopping Vaggie on the nose with the tip of his cane, “you’d know that I didn’t realise we were actually married until yesterday. I thought the whole thing was a farce! I certainly never saw anyone get married in a place with dollar sign printed carpets back in my living days. If it’s any consolation, that TV-headed fool didn’t realise either.”

Vaggie swatted his cane away with a growl while Charlie tapped her chin.

“So, that’s what those letters were about?” she said.

Alastor nodded. “Yes. We’re to start divorce proceedings right away, so you needn’t worry about it, Charlie. Soon, this whole mess will be but a distant memory, I will once again be a prime bachelor, and the world will be righted.”

He threaded his fingers together and leaned back in his seat, savouring the warmth of the fire. He moved only to lift his legs as Niffty scuttled past with a broom. Vaggie made her way back to Charlie’s side, eying him doubtfully.

“Well, okay,” she said slowly. “So long as it gets sorted out quickly. The last thing we need around here is more trouble-“

“Woah, woah!”

Their heads all turned to see Angel hurrying over from the bar towards them, drink in hand. Alastor had vaguely registered he was there in the same way he’d vaguely registered it was nearly noon, but hadn’t paid him any heed. Now, however, Angel was sitting himself on the arm of Alastor’s chair, crossing his long legs and leaning down to peer at him closely.

“Just wait a second there, hot stuff,” Angel said, holding two of his arms up in a staying gesture. “You *wanna* speed through this divorce thing?”

Alastor’s eyebrows drew together even as his smile remained in place. “But of course. The sooner this is all cleaned up the better, I say. For once, Vox and I are in agreement.”

“Al, buddy, pal,” Angel tutted, looping an arm around Alastor’s shoulders to pull him close. Alastor allowed it, curiosity winning over against his distaste. “I don’t think you’re seein’ the big picture here. You’ve got a prime opportunity to reap that asshole for all he’s worth.”

“Angel,” Vaggie warned, but Angel went on, seeming to gain steam with every word.

“You could take half a’ all his shit!” Angel declared, throwing an arm up in a grand sweep. “He’s one of the richest demons in Hell. Not just an overlord like you, but a big-time rich man! And you, as his soon to be ex hubby, are entitled to a cut a’ that cake.”

Alastor’s ears had been standing to attention throughout Angel’s speech. Now, he tapped his chin as he considered Angel’s words. Perhaps he’d been viewing this whole predicament all wrong. What he’d first taken to be a large thorn in his side could prove to be a ticket to untapped potential in the art of torment. After all, if Vox was so keen to see their vows of

holy matrimony squashed, why couldn't Alastor have a little fun with it before he let him have his wish?

"Hmm. You make a good point, Angel," Alastor conceded. "I'm pleasantly surprised!"

Angel didn't even look offended at the barb. He merely grinned as he pulled Alastor even closer, their cheeks mashed together. A slightly feral glint entered his mismatched eyes as he clenched one hand into a fist.

"Rake that fucker 'cross the coals, Al," Angel rumbled, the malicious fire burning in his gaze enough to make Alastor return the grin.

Their shared moment of glee at the impending nuke that was about to rock the Vees was broken by Charlie clearing her throat and raising her hand as though she were in a classroom.

"Um, is that a good idea? Don't we want this to be over quickly?" she asked.

"Now, now, Charlie," Alastor admonished, wagging his finger in her direction. "As a child of divorce yourself, you ought to know how these things go. No marriage is truly over until you've stirred up some Hell for your other half."

Charlie's shoulders sagged and she tried again. "That's not exactly-"

"Fear not!" Alastor declared, disentangling himself from Angel's grasp and shooting to his feet. He twirled his cane around in his hand and pointed the tip of it at Charlie's worried face with a grin. "I'll keep the battle ground of this particular fight secluded to the legal room." He flicked his eyes around the hotel, lips pursed. "Or wherever it is that we'll hash it all out."

Vaggie, whose frown had been steadily growing deeper the more Alastor spoke, startled at this. "What do you mean?"

Alastor put on a casual air as he trotted over to the stairs. "Oh, yes. I may have forgotten to mention that Vox and his lawyers will be over tomorrow to slog through the *backlog of shit*, as he put it."

"What?"

Alastor cackled to himself as he slipped into his shadow form and slinked back to his rooms, Vaggie cursing at his back. He had a lot to plan for before tomorrow.

Vox received a swift reply from Alastor to his letter requesting to organise when they should meet to get the ball rolling on this divorce. Alastor had offered the hotel as a ground for them to meet, something Vox typically would've found gracious but since this was Alastor he was dealing with, he regarded it with suspicion. He decided to join his team as they made their way over to the hotel in the limo. He'd best be there to keep an eye on Alastor, that conniving shit.

Val and Velvette had seen him off in the lobby. Velvette told him bluntly, “Don’t fuck it up,” while Val gave him a pat on the rear and said, “Good luck!”

The Hazbin Hotel loomed into view as the limo made its way up the steep, winding hill. Vox’s eyes immediately flashed to the rickety radio tower transplanted onto the side of the building, the neon On Air sign dim in the morning light. The silhouette of the tower was dark and imposing against the red sky, the structure of it twisted and gnarled, like an insect that had latched onto the edge of the hotel.

Vox crossed his arms over his chest and leaned back in his seat as the driver pulled the car up by the front entrance. That’s all Alastor had ever been. A parasite leeching off his good favour and connections. Well, he’d cleave the last dangling connection tying the two of them together today.

Luga and the small army of Voxtek lawyers piled out of the car, followed by Vox, who slipped on a pair of sunglasses as he stepped foot on the burnt grass surrounding the hotel. He stared up at the building with distaste, noting the haphazard architecture, even without Alastor’s radio tower pasted onto the side of it. It really was a shithole. What Alastor was doing lowering himself to living at a place like this, Vox could only guess at but it couldn’t be anything good.

He climbed the few steps up onto the foyer and nodded to Luga, who raised the brass knocker. Before she could bring it down, however, the door swung open, making her stagger.

“Hi!” chirped the cheery voice of Charlie Morningstar. She beamed at the lot of them, her rosy cheeks nearly splitting from how wide she was smiling, though Vox noted her hands anxiously fidgeting at her back. “I’m Charlie. It’s nice to meet you all.”

“Likewise,” Luga grunted, straightening up and fixing her suit jacket.

“We’ve, um, been expecting you,” Charlie said. She took a step back and gestured through the open doorway. “Please, come in. And welcome to the Hazbin Hotel!”

“Thank you, princess,” Vox said smoothly, stepping forward to lead the way. He strode past Charlie without looking her way, into the belly of the beast. “If all goes well, we should be out of your hair in no time.”

“Oh, it’s no problem at all,” she reassured them, but Vox wasn’t listening.

He registered another woman standing a little off to the side, clasping a spear and glowering as Vox’s legal team shuffled inside. He ignored them, instead casting his eyes over the interior of the hotel, examining every surface, and came up wanting. Just as unimpressive on the inside as it was on the outside.

Just like you! needled a voice in his head that sounded suspiciously like Alastor. Vox gritted his teeth against it and forced himself to keep walking, only to nearly trample over a fuzzy red rat.

“Fuck!” he cursed, stumbling back, his heart kicking up a gear.

The thing squatting down on the floor turned its head up towards him and revealed itself not to be a rat, but a tiny, one-eyed girl. She flashed her needle-sharp teeth at him in a grin and Vox finally recognised her as the demented maid Alastor had picked up shortly before their acquaintanceship imploded. Vox tried to regain his composure, slipping his sunglasses into his pocket from where they'd gone askew across his screen, but the girl continued looking at him with that perturbing smile. It made his skin crawl.

"Oh, uh, Spiffy, wasn't it?" Vox tried. "Good to see you're still alive and well."

"It's Niffty," the girl corrected him, rising to her feet. Even at her full height, the top of her head barely reached his waist. "Good to see *you*. For now."

She giggled to herself at her own cryptic little remark before scurrying away, feather duster in hand. Vox tried to shake off the jitters that little freak instilled in him but it was no good. He'd never understood why Alastor had been so taken with her in the past, and the fact that she was still a part of his entourage today only puzzled him more. He supposed like called to like. Freak called to freak.

Casting his eyes about, his gaze settled on the bar situated at the right side of the lobby. Another familiar face stared back at him from behind the bar top, black eyes ringed with gold glaring his way. Vox, who could handle glares over wicked, insane smiles, sauntered over to the bar, the grin he wore for his public appearances materialising on his face.

"Husker, wasn't it?" Vox said by way of greeting as he leaned against the counter. "Still in Alastor's books, I see." When all the feline man did was narrow his eyes at him as he polished a glass, Vox clicked his tongue. "Come now, why the hostility? You know I'm not exactly your boss's biggest fan. Whatever happened to *the enemy of my enemy is my friend?"*

"How 'bout *a jackass is a jackass,"* Husker replied, his deep voice rumbling in his furry chest.

Vox exhaled a short breath that could've passed as a laugh if you strained your ears. He shrugged and pushed himself back upright.

"Fine. I could've tried bargaining for your soul in there but I guess you're happy where you are."

Husker grunted, setting the glass down and turning his winged back on Vox. "I'll be happy when you and the shark pack are outta here."

Vox looked over at said shark pack (really, there were only a couple of sharks in the lot. He even had a hellborn pixie demon in there as a diversity hire), who were still getting their ears chatted up by the princess. They all stood in a cluster, shifting awkwardly from foot to foot, clutching their briefcases and checking their watches as Charlie prattled on.

"-Our doors are open to anyone, no references or recommendations required! We offer single or shared rooms, private ensuite or shared bathroom if that's your thing." She dropped a wink at one of the lawyers, who flushed and his face behind his briefcase.

Vox let out an irritated puff of air and strode back over to his team. Masking his annoyance, Vox sild into his TV host mode, voice booming yet kind as he clapped his hands together, startling Charlie, who spun around to face him.

“Thank you so much, your highness,” he said, rubbing his hands together. “But I think we’d best get down to business.”

Charlie opened her mouth to say something but a voice at Vox’s shoulder beat her to it.

“Yes, thank you, Charlie dear. But I think I can take things from here.”

Vox barely supressed a yelp as he spun around to see Alastor stood directly behind him, grinning ear-to-ear. He chuckled in the back of his throat at Vox’s startled expression, his blood-red eyes dancing with amusement. Vox had used to think Alastor’s eyes were exceptionally gorgeous, two pools of deep crimson, dotted with sparkling pink irises and pitch-black pupils. His long lashes and high, arching eyebrows drew Vox’s gaze in like a siren’s song, beckoning him closer and demanding his full attention. Now, however, as they twitched with mirth at Vox’s expense, he hated them.

“There you are,” Vox muttered, drawing himself up to his full height, which was, infuriatingly, a couple inches shy of Alastor’s. “I was beginning to think you were hiding out somewhere.”

Alastor flicked his wrist in a dismissive wave. “Perish the thought. And miss out on the opportunity to spend some quality time with my estranged husband? I think not.”

Vox’s shoulders hiked up at Alastor’s words, his screen flushing hot. He knew Alastor was just mocking him, especially when he paired his words with a sly little smirk, but that didn’t stop the shiver that ran up his spine at hearing Alastor call him his husband. His own reaction just pissed him off more and he pivoted that anger around to hurl it at Alastor.

“Let’s just get this over with, okay?” Vox said, keeping his words clipped. “Some of us don’t spend all our time sitting around in a hovel, playing lap dog to royalty, we have important business to get back to.” Charlie let out a small squeak of objection and that spear lady had somehow materialised at her side, but Vox kept his eyes fixed squarely on Alastor. “Important business that we’re ignoring by being here, so let’s get this show on the road, yeah?”

If any of Vox’s barbs hit, Alastor didn’t let it show. He stepped past Vox, to Charlie, who was looking dejectedly down at the carpet, her shoulders slumped. Alastor rested a comforting hand on her arm and squeezed. Vox’s gaze latched onto his sharp claws curled delicately around her slim arm as Alastor spoke to the girl reassuringly.

“Don’t mind him, my dear. You know how men get. So terribly jealous.”

His hand on her arm paired with the term of endearment made Vox scowl in a way that was exceedingly *not* jealous. Alastor backed away from Charlie, his touch immediately replaced by the spear lady. She glared at the back of Alastor’s head as he strolled away from them.

“Right this way, ladies and gents,” Alastor said, his ears bobbing with each step as he sauntered past. “We have a room set up for us, where we can hash out all the finer points of this little diversion.”

“Finally,” Vox mumbled, trailing behind him. He snapped his fingers and his legal team stood to attention, marching after him like a group of trained marines.

Alastor grinned over his shoulder as they walked up the stairs. “Why the rush? One might think you’re eager to get away from me. Don’t worry, dear. I don’t bite.”

Vox stared at his serrated teeth and let out a single, sceptical grunt. “Uh huh. Let’s just save the chit chat, okay?”

Alastor shrugged. “Very well.” They arrived at a door a little way down the hall. He paused to announce, “Here we are!” before swinging the door open and stepping inside. “Please, make yourselves comfortable.”

Vox followed him inside, instantly sussing out the room. It looked like any other conference room, though decidedly less cool than the one back at Vee tower. This room was bare except for the long table stretching across the floor, no shark tanks to be seen. The only surprise was the figure lounging in the chair beside Alastor.

“Angel?” Vox said, blinking in surprise.

Valentino’s prized whore winked in response. He was dressed in a pink pinstriped suit and fedora, an unlit cigar dangling from his fingers. His boots were propped up on the table, crossed at the ankle, adding to his chilly demeanour.

“That’s right,” Angel replied, shooting him a finger gun. “The one and only.”

Vox frowned as Alastor passed behind Angel’s chair. “What’re you doing here?”

“You mean besides the fact that I live here?” Angel asked. He reached out and caught Alastor’s coattails as he passed, letting the red fabric slip over his palm. His eyes caught Vox’s and he gave him a shit-eating grin. “I’m here to make sure my good buddy Al gets what’s coming to him.”

Vox couldn’t help but scoff, his confidence swelling even as Alastor took his seat beside Angel. Part of him had thought Alastor would handle all the legal stuff himself. This hadn’t disturbed Vox, because while Alastor may have been a master at deal-making, he knew legal jargon would bore him to tears in minutes, and if there was one sucker more vulnerable than any other, it was a bored one. But if he was turning to a pornstar of all people to act as his counsel, well, that was even better.

“I didn’t realise the funds were that low,” Vox chuckled. “Can’t afford a lawyer, so you turn to a hooker instead?”

Angel narrowed his eyes but Alastor held up a staying hand. His expression remained calm, his smile placid.

“Angel is acting as a consultant, nothing more,” Alastor said. His smile sharpened, his eyes pinching to slits. “I called in someone else to act as my legal counsel.”

The chair at the head of the table, which had thus far been facing away from the doorway, suddenly spun around. Vox startled at the long figure sitting there.

“Rosie?” he exclaimed, staggering back a step.

The leader of Cannibal Town smiled back at him, flashing her pearly white fangs. Her inky black eyes bored into his, like she was staring through his screen and right into his soul. Her long fingers threaded together as she rested her elbows on the tabletop.

“Vox,” she greeted, stretching his name out like a relative welcoming him home after a long stint abroad. “It’s been too long! Why don’t ya take a seat? Take a load off? It’s quite a way from your point of the pentagram, all the way here. I’m sure you all must be worn out.”

She was all polite manners and geniality on the surface, but Vox wasn’t fooled. Rosie had always been shrewd, a calculating mind behind that pleasant façade. She and Alastor had always been a match in that department. Even now, the two of them seated beside one another, matching grins plastered across both of their faces, had Vox breaking out into a cold sweat. Like always though, he kept up his front, quickly recovering as he paced down the length of the table to take his seat across from Alastor.

“It’s not that far,” he shot back as his lawyers all huddled around him, taking their own seats and snapping open their briefcases. “No one’s tired. We’re here to settle this unfortunate mistake of a marriage, so let’s stop beating around the bush and get to it, huh?”

Rosie shrugged as if to say it was no skin off her back. “Still as direct as ever, I see. Alrighty then.” A shadow passed over her face as she stared him down and suddenly the few feet of polished mahogany between wasn’t nearly enough. She whipped a pen out of her sleeve and grinned, a smile perfectly suited to biting through human flesh. “Let’s get down to business.”

“So,” Luga went on, adjusting a pair of tiny reading glasses perched on the bridge of her sloping nose as she peered down at some papers, “we’ll be filing the divorce under *irreconcilable differences.”*

It had taken her a minute to squeeze herself into her chair, and with her looming figure at Vox’s side, she felt equal parts lawyer and bodyguard to him, something he was grateful for with Alastor, Angel and Rosie all staring him down. Luga cast a long shadow over their half of the room, but Rosie merely smiled respectfully as she spoke, listening and nodding occasionally, appearing entirely unconcerned. Here, however, she raised a finger.

“Now, hold on. I think it’s only fair we all be honest here,” Rosie said with a solemn shake of her head. “The situation we find here calls for a divorce on grounds of infidelity.”

“What?” Vox burst out, unable to contain himself. *“Infidelity?* You can’t be serious.”

Rosie raised an eyebrow at him. “I’m abso-*lute*-ly serious, mister. What else would you call galivanting around town, fratenising with business partners and taking home strangers?”

“Slut behaviour,” Angel agreed with a nod. He shook his cell phone in his hand, brandishing a photo Vox recognised from the last Vees office party where he’d had a few too many gin and sodas and had ended up spending half the night making out with Velvette. She was sitting on his lap in the photo, their tongues tangled together, while Val could be seen in the background shooting the camera a thumbs up. Angel zoomed in on Vox’s mouth, slick with drool that could’ve been his or Velvette’s and leaned back in his chair with a self-satisfied smirk. “And there’s a lot more where this came from.”

“Faithfulness is so hard to come by these days,” Rosie lamented, offering a consolidating pat on the shoulder to Alastor, who pulled a silk hanky from his breast pocket and dabbed invisible tears from his eyes.

“This is bullshit!” Vox yelled, slamming his hands down on the table and rising to his feet. “I wasn’t *cheating*.”

But Rosie went on as though he hadn’t spoken at all. “Let it be known that my client, unlike Mr. Vox, remained faithful throughout the entirety of his marriage.”

“That’s right,” Alastor piped up, taking a break from his bereaved husband routine to preen under the attention of the room. “I resisted wicked temptations of the flesh because I vowed to save myself for one man only.” His ears dipped and he pressed a hand to his chest in a display of wounded theatrics. “Unlike *some* people.”

Rosie and Angel cooed at him sympathetically while Vox saw red. His claws scratched deep grooves into the table and he growled in frustration.

“That’s a load of crap,” Vox declared. “He-“ He jabbed a finger at Alastor, who smiled sweetly at him and batted his eyelashes, “-didn’t abstain from sex because he was being *faithful*. He’s just a fucking prude!”

“Sir,” Luga whispered down at him out of the corner of her mouth, “try to stay calm.”

“You see the treatment I’ve had to deal with?” Alastor said, hanky back in hand. “Vicious insults simply because I won’t submit to his every sexual whim.”

Vox nearly choked on his own spit.

Rosie rifled through her own stack of papers, humming as she shook her head. “Y’know, on Earth it’s now considered sexual coercion to pressure your spouse into sex.”

“Mhmm,” Angel agreed, sitting sideways with his long legs dangling over the arm of his chair. “Creep shit. Not cool.”

Vox was so mad he thought his monitor might’ve actually been spitting out clouds of steam. All he could do was sputter, his hands curled into talons as he glared at the three shitheads sat

across from him. Rosie either chose to purposely ignore his display of unmitigated rage or was so focused on the bit that she genuinely didn't notice.

"Given this context," she said, "I think it pertinent that we allocate accordingly."

Luga bristled, an achievement, given her smooth, rubbery skin. She said in a clipped voice, "Allocate what, exactly?"

"Financial compensation, of course!" Rosie declared, fanning out her long, manicured fingers. She placed a hand on Alastor's shoulder and the both of them looked at Vox with matching devilish smiles. Yes, they were all demons so every smile from one of them was devilish, but those two had especially conniving tilts to their mouths. Rosie went on, "As Mr. Vox's husband, my client is entitled to at least half of his earnings." She reached under the table and emerged with a hefty stack of papers. It landed on the tabletop with a heavy thud, as though each sheet of paper were encased in concrete. "I've been looking into the pooled monetary assets of both parties, including properties, earnings, and of course-" Her eyes glinted dangerously, "-*business ventures*."

The room was dead silent, the only noise puncturing the bubble of quiet that had befallen the table being Angel's nails tapping against the lacquered wood. The legal team all looked amongst each other nervously, then up to Luga, who was rubbing at her eyes wearily. Clearly, she too had thought this meeting would be more perfunctory than anything. Alastor's side of the table seemed to bask in the drawn-out silence. Rosie straightened up her papers while Alastor drummed his fingers against the head of his cane, peering at Vox as he grinned.

"Yes, I've always been such an ardent supporter of Voxtek," Alastor mused. "But I'm thinking it'll be fun to have a more hands-on approach to the way things are run. I've already got lots of great ideas! Angel?"

He looked to Angel, who drew a notepad out of his pocket. Flipping the first page over, Angel cleared his throat and read aloud.

"Replace all current television programs with footage of paint drying. Audiences likely won't be able to tell the difference. Rename Vee tower to 'Verily, the worst tower.' Pause all current productions to use factory space to, I don't know, throw a party? I think the poor saps workin' for those fools could use a party-"

Vox kicked his chair back and leapt over the table, claws outstretched and aimed at Alastor's throat. *"I'll fucking kill you!"*

Chapter End Notes

The real housewives of Hell: Pride ring edition is popping off ngl.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

> Here it is! The final chapter of this fic that has been an absolute ball to write. Thank you for your comments and for reading! I hope you enjoy this final installment of Alastor and Vox's divorce era :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

THEN:

“Oh, I love this song!” Alastor declared, tossing one arm high in the air.

He nearly lost his feet for the second time that night, but Vox caught him round the waist and managed to keep him upright. This was a feat in and of itself, given that the inside of Vox’s head felt like a hot tub filled with boiling syrup. He’d lost count of the number of drinks he’d tossed back. A part of him needled at the back of his brain, telling him it was a bad look to get so wasted publicly, where anyone could see him. He didn’t need a reputation as a loose boozer. He was trying to make an image for himself as a powerhouse of Hell, someone not to be trifled with.

Yet, there he was, drunk out of his mind and dancing with a barefooted Alastor.

His only consolation was that Alastor had to look more ridiculous than him. He still had that stupid veil headband they’d swiped from a giftshop mashed on his head. It fluttered around his hair as he twirled, a laciing of white gauze over his red locks. Chunks of cardboard were also still stuck to the tips of his antlers. Vox had thought about trying to pick them off but he didn’t trust himself not to somehow impale his hand on Alastor’s antlers in the process, and anyway, Alastor didn’t seem to have noticed so he supposed it was fine.

Alastor had also decided, in his infinite, drunk wisdom, that the solution to his balance problem was not trying to find his shoe, but kicking the remaining one off, so he was now tapping his way around the dancefloor with his hooves. That’s how Vox knew he was gone. There was no way Alastor would do such a thing in his right mind. Were Vox in his right mind, he may have suggested they be sensible and look for Alastor’s shoes, or even just buy him a new pair with what remained from his winnings at the roulette table. But Vox wasn’t in his right mind, he was totally drunk on booze and Alastor’s carefree laughter, so he allowed himself to be pulled into more dancing.

At least they weren’t on the main casino floor anymore but in the little reception room adjoining the chapel. Lively music spilled in from the main dancefloor one story up, filling the small room occupied only by Vox, Alastor, and a few individuals passed out on some

plastic chairs. Vox snickered into his rumpled sleeve at Alastor's flushed cheeks and the way his tongue ever so slightly poked out of his mouth as he tried to concentrate on his footwork.

"What song's that?" Vox asked, sweeping Alastor around in a huge circle.

Alastor allowed himself to be twirled, tipping his head back, his veiled hair flapping behind him like a ribbon. "I don't know," he admitted. "But I like it!"

"Well, whatever it is, it's *our song* now," Vox said, then laughed for no reason. He was full of bubbles, making him feel lighter than air, like he might float away at any moment. "The song of our first dance as a *married couple."*

The both of them laughed at that, long and loud. Alastor walked his fingers up Vox's arm as he caught his breath, tears dotting the corners of his eyes. His grin was wide and genuine, the sight of it warming Vox more than the alcohol pumping through his veins.

"I've never married," Alastor admitted. "Not here or before."

Vox didn't have to ask what he meant by *before*. "Me neither."

"Really?"

"What? You thought I woulda?"

Alastor shrugged, his clawed fingers now playing with Vox's bowtie, skimming the edge of his unbuttoned collar. "I suppose it jus' fit this picture I had in my mind of you. Fancy house, fancy car…Fancy wife."

Vox snorted. His life on Earth seemed like eons ago instead of decades. It was difficult to conjure the memory of his old face. He'd now spent more time as a demon than he had as a human and this form was beginning to take shape in his mind as his true self.

"No," he said with a shake of his head. "No fancy wife for me. 'Til *now*."

He tried to bop Alastor on the nose but his hand-eye coordination was severely lacking in that moment, and he ended up poking his finger straight into Alastor's mouth instead. Alastor, in a move of hither to unforeseen kindness, did not bite Vox's finger off. He just scrunched his nose up and spat Vox's finger out with a disgusted, "Blegh!"

They danced for a few more minutes, and something about it all had Vox feeling decidedly… sentimental. Alastor's rumpled clothes and mussed-up hair, his cheeks dotted with spots of red, his eyes heavy-lidded as he blinked blearily at Vox—he'd never been so pretty. Even with the stupid veil in his hair. Vox sighed, the sound coming out gooey to his own ears as he squeezed Alastor's hand.

"Y'know something, Al?" Vox asked.

Alastor made an inquiring noise, his glassy eyes coming back into focus as he tipped his head to the side and peered at Vox. Vox pulled Alastor closer by the waist until their chests were

pressed flush together. Alastor's eyebrows crept towards his hairline but he didn't push Vox away.

"If I ever did get married for real," Vox said, "it'd be to you."

Alastor tittered a laugh under his breath. "Is that right?"

"Uh huh," Vox went on, a little zing of electricity shooting up his spine as the puff of Alastor's breath hit his screen. "I mean, y'know, would it be so bad if we really did do it? We already work so well together. Like butter and bread, or milk and cookies, or-"

"Violence and bloodshed!" Alastor added, perking up.

Vox's liquor-drowned soup brain took a moment to catch up with the conversation. When he did, he just nodded slowly. "Yeaaahh, sure. What I'm saying is just…You're the only one I can imagine…being by my side."

Alastor hummed again, this sound coming out more like a purr, rumbling against Vox's chest from where they were touching. "What a coincidence. I can only see myself with me too!"

He threw his arms out in a starfish pose, his shadow copying him, but its shady limbs elongated, stretching out to cover nearly the entirety of the floor's diameter. Alastor laughed madly, his eyes bugging and his teeth gleaming under the overhead lights. With his hair puffed up like a hedgehog, the veil caught on one of his antlers, and his face flushed with drink, he looked every bit the crazed demon he presented himself as to the rest of Hell.

Vox thought he'd never looked more stunning.

The world was spinning—or maybe that was just the two of them, twirling around and round the empty ballroom. Vox's hands were on Alastor's waist, keeping him upright as Alastor continued to cackle and shimmy his fingers in a pair of jazz hands. With a tug, Vox pulled him closer until Alastor staggered into him, his hands flying to Vox's shoulders. Alastor blinked drowsily, one eye at a time, as he looked at Vox, his pupils still rolling around in the sockets. The soft golden lights of the bulbs above shined in the deep reds of Alastor's eyes like sunlight glimmering on the ocean. Vox was transfixed as he leant closer, his heart hammering in his chest. He was certain Alastor could feel it where their fronts were touching, a siren of his emotions pulsing between them.

"Alastor," Vox murmured. In his mind his voice was soft and reverential but in reality, his words were so slurred it came out more as, *"Alsssr."*

"Hm?" Alastor was now slouching against Vox so heavily he would've keeled straight over without his body to support him.

His mouth was doing something funny—oddly squiggled and slightly puckered. Vox's heart leapt into his mouth? Was he going in for a kiss?

Vox's eyes fluttered shut, his blood pulsing hot through his veins as he leaned even closer. Was this what it had always been leading up to? Was his and Alastor's intangible pull

towards each other a series of stepping stones heading to this? Vox felt the warmth of Alastor's breath ghosting over his lips. His heart surged, his grip on Alastor's waist tightening. Then-

"I think I'm gonna-"

Alastor lurched in his arms and Vox had just enough time for his eyes to open and see Alastor empty the contents of his guts onto his shirt. Vox blinked, stupefied, as Alastor wretched onto his fancy button-up, black bile spilling from his lips. He shook in Vox's grasp, his ears drooping as he swayed on his feet. If Vox weren't plastered beyond belief, maybe he would've been more upset about being thrown up on. As it was, he simply peeled Alastor off of him, holding him at arm's length and ogled the mess dripping down his front.

"Why the fuck's your puke black?"

<u>NOW:</u>

"You'll take half of Voxtek over my dead body!" Vox yelled as he sailed over the table, towards Alastor's delighted grin.

"Sir!" Luga protested, trying to stand but she was trapped in the confines of her too-small chair.

Before Vox could tackle him and rip him to pieces though, Alastor melted into a puddle of shadows and Vox passed through nothing but air, smacking face-first into the backrest of Alastor's chair.

"That can certainly be arranged, if that's preferable," Alastor said, materialising in Vox's vacant chair and making his legal team all jump in their seats.

They scooted their swivel chairs away from him as Vox unpeeled his face from the sheet of leather. He spun around, gritting his teeth and spitting mad to face Alastor, who was picking some dirt out from beneath his nails. Vox had half a mind to pounce at him again, despite knowing how futile it would be. There was no way in Hell, Heaven, Earth, or any other realm that might've existed in the known universe, that he was letting that slimy prick wrest even a fraction of his company from him. The audacity was ridiculous!

"You son of a bitch," Vox growled, static electricity sparking all along his body.

Alastor smirked and curled his finger in what looked to be a come-hither gesture. Or it could've been a *come get some* gesture. Either way, Vox wanted to come.

Come and *fuck him up*.

Beside him, Rosie stood. The feathers on her hat were puffed up and frizzy from the static pulsing off of Vox, but she merely held a placating hand over the table between them.

“Now, now, gentlemen,” she said, that smooth schmoozer rearing its head. Vox had heard Rosie use that same tone many times as she charmed a room, soothing nerves and letting peoples’ guards down. It was her own personal brand of hypnosis, but instead of magical manipulation, it was the warm, honeyed tone resembling that of an aunt or a family friend that bent sinners’ wills. “There’s no need to go resortin’ to violence.”

“No, no,” Angel interjected, hands folded behind his head and feet kicked up on the table as he grinned at the display. “Let ‘em keep goin’ at it. I’m takin’ bets on who ends up on top.” He shot a wink at one of Vox’s lawyers, who blushed furiously, hiding his face behind a document.

Rosie ignored him, keeping her bottomless black eyes turned towards the cowering group of Voxtek lawyers and Luga, whose hips were still wedged between her armrests.

“I’m sure there’s a way we can reconcile all a’ this amicably,” Rosie said.

“Indeed,” Alastor agreed. He stood, pulled the chair back then bowed, gesturing at the empty seat to Vox. His eyes were framed by a curtain of scarlet hair draped over his face as he peered up at Vox with an impish smile. “I believe this is yours?”

Vox glared at his heavy-lidded eyes, framed by rows of long, sweeping lashes like some cute baby cow, and stomped around the circumference of the desk, to his chair. He waited for Alastor to slink back to his own seat before sitting down again. Luga gave up on trying to wiggle her way out of her chair and also sat back down with a grunt. Rosie smiled and if it were possible for a smile to be condescending, that’s how she smiled.

“There we go,” she said, sitting down beside Alastor once more. “See, we can be civilised about this. I know tensions can run high when the word ‘divorce’ gets thrown around. Why, my first husband just about lost his head when I brought it up the first time. And that was *before* the decapitation!”

She and Alastor both laughed uproariously, heads thrown back and fangs gleaming. Vox and his lawyers all shifted uncomfortably in their seats while Angel drew what looked like crude drawings of dicks on Alastor’s notes. Vox touched his collar and swallowed the lump in his throat. He’d replaced his head a few times throughout his afterlife and it wasn’t a fun process. He especially didn’t relish the thought if Alastor was his mechanic.

“Very funny,” Luga said stiffly as she straightened up some papers. At least she didn’t look put off by Alastor and Rosie’s antics. If anything, she just seemed annoyed. “Now then, can we please get back to negotiations? I believe it’s rather unreasonable to ask for such a large financial cut from Mr. Vox’s businesses, especially considering neither party were under the realisation that they were married. I don’t believe they were ever even a couple at any point over the course of their acquaintance.”

“If we were,” Vox cut in, arms still crossed over his chest, “you’d have been the worst husband in Hell. Disappearing for seven years without a word? Doesn’t seem like something a guy with someone waiting back home for him would do.”

Alastor slapped his palms down on the table, startling the Voxtek side of the table as he shot to his feet and pointed a grand finger in the air. “And that’s another thing! I vanish without a trace and you don’t even file a missing person’s report?”

“With *who?”* Vox shot back, jumping to his feet in turn. He thought steam might have been pouring out of his monitor. “The *police?* All those radio waves going to your head, old man? We’re in Hell!”

Alastor crossed his arms primly and tossed his nose up. “Still. You could’ve done something. For all you knew, I was dead in a ditch somewhere,” he said, pouting. This was an impressive feat, given that he managed to do this while still smiling.

“More like, I prayed for it,” Vox mumbled.

Alastor spread his hands as if to say, *See?* “You wound me, darling. One would think you don’t care at all.”

“I *don’t* care,” Vox snapped.

Confusingly, Alastor merely smiled. They both slowly sat down as chatter amongst their respective sides started up. Alastor kept his eyes on Vox the whole time, amusement dancing in those pink irises. Vox tried to puzzle him out but, as always, Alastor remained as elusive as ever, a Mona Lisa of mystery.

He’s laughing at me, Vox thought, his screen dimming as he glared at the shithead across from him. *Fucking asshole…*

“What both of these points prove,” Luga was saying, “is that neither Mr. Vox nor Mr. Alastor were ever under the impression that their marriage was legitimate. *Obviously*, because they were never a romantic pair.”

Angel paused his doodling long enough to snap his fingers. “Shamu brings up a good point. You guys ever consummate that shit?” He directed the question between the two of them, flicking his eyes from Alastor to Vox and back.

No, they had not *consummated that shit*. Which was, arguably, the worst part of the whole thing! Vox had never even got any fucking out of it. At least most divorced couples had a few rounds of break-up sex before calling it quits. All he had was a gold-digging serial killer, trying to fuck with his livelihood for fun.

For the first time that day, a flicker of annoyance creased Alastor’s brow. It quickly smoothed out, however, replaced with his usual relaxed smile.

“Such crude questions! Whatever happened to the sanctity of one’s private life?”

Vox scoffed. “Oh, so *now* you wanna keep shit private?” He smirked and leaned back in his chair as he leered at Alastor’s narrowed eyes across the table. “What? You don’t want me telling everyone that you’re just a big old sap? That you like being the little spoon and told what a good boy you are?”

Alastor's claws curled into the tabletop, peeling back ribbons of wood. "So, it's to be a smear campaign, is it?" he barked, eyes flashing. "No matter! I can just as easily say you're into something pathetic and embarrassing." He snapped his fingers and Angel slid over to his side, spinning around in his chair a few times, before bumping into Alastor's chair and coming to a halt, his arm raised in a salute. "Angel?"

Angel cleared his throat and began listing off on his fingers. "Let's see here. We got degradation kink, piss play, diaper fetish, forniphilia-" At the gallery of confused looks, he grinned. "Look it up. Anyway, as I was sayin'-"

Angel continued to list a litany of kinks and fetishes that Vox never heard of, even with Valentino's penchant to brainstorm ideas for his films aloud in the shared lounge. The Voxtek legal team were a collection of expressions; some confused, some uncomfortable, and the pixie demon was openly salivating as Angel made crude gestures with his hands. Alastor looked somewhat perturbed at his legal advisor and he and Vox momentarily locked eyes.

Something passed between them then. Vox's mouth quirked and Alastor's eyebrow arched before their eyes passed on. It was a brief, fleeting thing, there and gone between breaths, but it left Vox off-kilter, like he'd missed the final step on a staircase. For a second there, it had almost felt like he and Alastor were sharing a private joke. It reminded him of times in their past when they would hang out together at bars and some fresh soul would be chatting them up, unaware that they were in the company of two powerful overlords, and the two of them would share knowing looks over the head of their prey.

Vox would take Alastor's lead, going along with it and politely nodding along as the young sinner would prattle on about the power they'd recently spawned into. Doubtless, they believed their ability to light their fingertips on fire or make their eyes glow in the dark was very impressive. It didn't help that Alastor would sit, curled over his drink, chin in hand and batting his eyelashes, listening with rapt attention. His exclamations of, "Oh my!" and "You don't say!" would always have Vox biting at the inside of his cheek to keep from bursting into laughter. It was obvious to him that Alastor was laying it on thick as a slab of butter, but clearly, their suckers never clued in that they were being taken for a ride.

That was, until Alastor either tired of the joke or the sinner pushed their luck just a tad to far by putting their hands on Alastor or cracking a crude line at Vox. Then Vox would either poke them in the back, sending a jolt of electricity through their skin, frying them to a blackened pile of ash, or Alastor would slyly suggest that they take a step outside. Sometimes Vox would stay and watch Alastor go full freak mode as he tore into the screaming sinner with teeth and tentacles, but mostly he'd hang around the corner of some secluded alley, typing away on his phone while Alastor had his fun. Wanton, bloody violence had always been more his thing anyway.

Alastor would emerge sometime later, painted head to toe in red and grinning a satisfied smile. Vox would easily push off the wall and ask Alastor if he felt like another drink out or if they should head back to one of their places to finish out the night. Alastor would often choose the latter.

Vox didn't know why he was thinking about all of that now. That was the past. Decades ago, which wasn't too long in the grand scheme of their hellish, immortal afterlives, but felt like

eons. He and Alastor weren't like that anymore. They didn't pal around, drinking into the night and sharing inside jokes. They didn't seek each other out in a crowd to cast knowing looks in each other's direction.

Apart from just now, that was.

"If we are to go into the matter of property and asset distribution," Luga said, folding her thick hands together over a stack of folders, "then shouldn't it be prudent the other side present their holdings as well?"

Alastor hummed as he leaned back in his seat, a feline smile stretching across his face. "I'm afraid I don't have much in terms of earthly possessions. Unless, of course, *Mr. Vox* has taken a sudden shining to *outdated, old-timey crap."*

His self-satisfied grin wiped away any festering sense of nostalgia that had been brewing in Vox's chest. He cleaved that urge to reminisce on the past in two, cutting away any lingering sentimentality until he reached the cold core of himself. That ruthless businessman that had clawed and scraped his way to the top, leaving husks devoid of their money and souls in his wake. He flattened his eyes and sharpened his smile, drumming his clawed fingers against the wooden tabletop.

"Oh, sure. You can get by being a broke loser when you can just *poof*-" He snapped his fingers, "-whatever you want into existence. But there's one kinda currency that's worth even more than money down here, and Honey, you're loaded with it." Alastor's ears twitched, his lips pulling back enough to reveal a sliver of black gums as Vox smirked at him. "If you're entitled to half of Voxtek, then I guess I'm entitled to half of your souls."

A high-pitched, creaking whine echoed from the back of Alastor's throat. For a sliver of a second, his eyes flickered from red to black, his pupils narrowing to points. But he blinked and it was gone, an after shadow left on the inside of Vox's eyelids. Rosie and Angel both cast Alastor matching looks of wariness but Alastor, ever the showman, never let his mask slip, even when Vox knew he had his balls in a vice.

"And I, yours," Alastor ground out, his grip on his cane tightening.

Vox shrugged, unaffected. "We never *did* measure out all the numbers of our collections, did we?" He grinned, a wicked stab of triumph coursing through him at finally getting one over on Alastor. It was an intoxicating feeling, similar to the rush he'd felt back when he'd made his first deal and bound a sinner's soul. It was almost addicting enough to make him entertain the thought of keeping Alastor around, if only so he might experience such a thrill again, risks and all. "Guess we'll finally see whose is bigger."

Angel wordlessly reached his hand across the table, offering it to Vox in a high-five but Alastor slapped his arm down with his cane before Vox could react.

The tension in the room was thick enough to cut through with a knife and serve, over-cooked and unseasoned, up on a platter for dinner. The two overlords stared each other down, unseen radio waves crackling between them, twisting around Vox's antennae and twining between Alastor's antlers. Vox refused to blink, convinced that if he did, he'd open his eyes to see

Alastor's jaw, unhinged and ringed with row after row of needle-sharp teeth, ready to sink into his neck and rip his jugular out, just like he'd seen him do to so many other clueless sinners. But Alastor remained in his seat, smile frozen on his face and fingers wrapped around the shaft of his cane like he was picturing it as Vox's throat.

Just when Vox was beginning to overheat from the scrutiny, the door burst open and the princess erupted into the room. She was smiling brightly from ear-to-ear, brandishing a sliver platter piled high with sloppy sandwiches.

"I made lunch!" Charlie announced, a musical tinkling to her voice. A swarm of heads turned to look at her. At the extended, incredulous silence, her smile dimmed some. Her pale face flushed and she lowered the platter. "Um, if you guys are hungry, that is."

Vox was ready to scoff but then one of his lawyers raised a hand.

"Um, I could go for a sandwich," she murmured, looking uncertainly about the room.

Another lawyer piped up. "Did you have any egg salad?"

Just as quickly as she'd wilted, Charlie sprang back to life, eyes lighting up to a thousand watts. "Yes, I do!"

She bustled into the room, a tiny winged goat flying behind her. She set the platter down in the middle of the table and the Voxtek legal team instantly surrounded it, wiggling their fingers and humming with interest. Charlie pointed to various sandwiches, listing out what they are.

"That one's ham and cheese, that one's peanut butter and jelly, that one's…um. Beans? I'm not sure what everything in the fridge was, sorry." She cast an apologetic look at Rosie as sandwiches were pinched and squirreled away. "Sorry I don't have anything for you, Rosie. We don't really keep any, uh, human flesh in the pantry."

Rosie waved a dismissive hand. "Oh, don't worry about that, darling! I had a big breakfast." She grinned and added, "Hope you're not expecting the mailman today!"

She laughed and poked her elbow into Alastor's side, but he wasn't laughing along with her. He stared at the tabletop with an indecipherable look on his face. He wordlessly rose to his feet and spoke to Rosie.

"I think I'll step out for a minute while we break for lunch."

Rosie blinked in surprise but smiled back after a moment. She squeezed Alastor's arm. "Of course, dear. Take all the time you need." She turned in her chair back to Luga, the only one not taken in by Charlie's mini sandwich buffet. Rosie's inky eyes narrowed to slits and she flashed her serrated grin as she leaned over the lip of the table. "I think we need some time for a little girls' talk."

Luga, to her credit, didn't show any sign of fear, even with a cannibal overlord leering at her like a jungle cat eying up a canary. She simply straightened up her glasses and allowed her

shadow to loom over Rosie.

“Indeed,” she replied stoically. Without taking her eyes off of Rosie, she said to Vox, “Sir, why don’t you step out as well? You can leave this to me.”

“What? Seriously?” Vox said, blinking in surprise.

Luga swept her eyes across the room, at her team crowding around Charlie for sandwiches, at Angel flirting with the paralegal, before settling on him. Her mouth was pulled back in an unimpressed scowl, her cool demeanour practically frigid.

“Yes,” she said. “I think everyone could do with cooling off.”

Vox glimpsed Alastor slipping from the room, his red coattails fluttering behind him as he strode out the door. As soon as he was gone, Vox’s energy dipped, the tight cords of tension that had been holding him up in Alastor’s presence slackening. His batteries felt depleted, like he needed a high carb meal and a power nap to recharge. He refused to touch one of Charlie’s sandwiches though, so he rose to his feet, the comfortable weight of a cigarette box in his pocket.

“Fine,” he sighed. “You take care of the shit show then.”

“Yes, Sir,” he heard Luga say as he paced from the room, turning in the opposite direction he’d seen Alastor leave.

His legal team were too preoccupied with lunch time to notice him going. Idiots. He’d have to fire all of them later. Except Luga. She could stay.

Alastor sat on the rooftop for some time. The air was warm and a soft breeze brushed at his hair and between his ears. The sun sunk ever closer towards the horizon, ready to bath Hell in a moonless night and provide a lovely backdrop for all the bright lights of Pentagram City to spring to life against. He stared out at the distant bustle of the city, plumes of smoke rising into the sky, and pained cries reaching his ears.

He didn’t worry about what was going on inside. He knew Rosie could handle everything herself with ease. No, he didn’t worry about the divide of assets or anything pertaining to the legality of the divorce. He knew, regardless of however Vox tried to rile him up, that Vox had far more to lose in terms of tangible possessions. His unease stemmed from his own meandering thoughts. Thoughts which were straying down the path of reminiscing.

Even when Vox wore that shit-eating grin as he tried poking at Alastor with a metaphorical stick, Alastor couldn’t help but think back fondly to times gone past. How entertaining it had been to watch Vox in action while the two of them had swanned about town together. Leaning back and watching Vox work a room or chat up a group of potential investors (or victims, if one wanted to think of it that way) had always been a class show. Even watching his temper fray and snap was fun. Particularly when the source of his ire was Alastor himself.

His gears were just so easy to grind when one knew the right places to poke. And Alastor knew all the right places. It was growing to be a favourite pastime of his, to sprinkle just the right combination of words to get Vox's antennae zapping and his screen glitching.

Alastor hummed a laugh to himself just thinking about it. If it were only Vox's entertainment value that he was consumed with, then perhaps everything would still be as it should. However, Alastor couldn't help but also contemplate their old friendship and how well they had gotten along. It was bringing back old memories, resurfacing snatches of the past that had long been buried in Alastor's mind. It was most irksome.

His ponderous mood was broken by the sound of a door rattling open below him, followed by a muffled curse. Curiously, Alastor leaned forward, peering over the lip of the roof, down to the balcony connected to the floor below. On it stood Vox, leaning against the railing and fishing a cigarette from a half-empty box. Alastor internally chided him. He'd always admonished Vox for the habit, even before humans had discovered all the nasty side effects of those things.

"Just think of your poor vocal cords," Alastor would say.

Vox, naturally, would laugh, smoke spewing from the cavern of his screen. "Relax. What can a little tobacco do to me now? Kill me?"

Alastor watched him as he smoked in silence for a minute, contemplating his next move. He had no plan about what to do with Vox without the assembled crowd in the conference room, but decided not everything today had to go according to the script. He would allow himself this little chance to play. So, he rose to his feet, folded his arms behind his back, and soundlessly stepped off the edge of the roof. He landed with a light tap of his heels against the tiled floor behind Vox, making him startle.

Alastor grinned at Vox's bewildered face and threw his arms out with a flourish. "Dearly beloved. We are gathered here today to witness this walking fire hazard."

Vox's surprise only lasted a moment before his expression smoothed out into one of vague irritation.

"Oh, great," he muttered, turning away from Alastor and hunching over the railing, propping his elbows up on the handrail. "You. I came out here for some peace and quiet, and look what I get."

"Come now, my dear," Alastor cooed, joining Vox on the lip of the balcony. "You didn't honestly expect to be rid of me that easily, did you? I was left to believe it wasn't 'til death that we parted."

"You're having way too much fun with this," Vox mumbled, taking another drag from his cigarette.

They stood in silence for a moment, the only sound the fizzing ember burning at the end of Vox's cigarette and the rustle of the wind between the dry grass below. Vox blew out a jet of smoke and Alastor waved a hand, changing the course of the wind to blow the smoke in the

opposite direction. There was a pause. Then Vox held the cigarette out in Alastor's direction. Alastor blinked down at the little roll of tobacco with surprise before glancing up at Vox, who stared resolutely ahead.

"No, thank you," Alastor said eventually.

Vox did look at him then, turning his screen and giving Alastor a more complete view of the flat glass pane that was his face.

"Oh, right," Vox replied with a roll of his eyes. "I forgot. No smokes for you. Far too *unhealthy*."

Alastor allowed the comment to pull his smile wider, his eyelids dipping as he tipped his head to the side. "Thank you ever so much for looking out for my best interest. Such a darling husband."

Vox scoffed, but there was a slight quirk to the corner of his mouth. "Yeah, well. Not for much longer."

The comment hung in the air between them, thicker than the smoke trailing from the tip of Vox's cigarette, dangling between his fingers. Alastor turned so his back was to the railing, leaning against it so he could grip his cane in front of him. Against the backdrop of his thoughts was the ever-present tune of music. When he was alone, he would let it drift from the head of his microphone, but in company he kept the tunes locked in his brain where they would play on an endless loop. With nothing but the stretching silence between them, he hummed to himself, drumming his claws against his cane to the beat.

Vox raised his TV head, his antennae twitching as he blinked at Alastor with something like awe. His expression puzzled Alastor, who missed a beat in his song as Vox continued to stare at him.

"What?" he demanded.

"That song…" Vox murmured, rubbing at the bottom edge of his monitor in thought. "I know that song from somewhere. God, it's right there on the tip of my-" He cut himself off as his eyes widened with a dawning realisation Alastor was still lost to.

"What is it?" he asked.

"It's that song that played in the ballroom," Vox said, his own brow creased. "At our, uh- Wedding."

Now, it was Alastor's turn to be startled. He blinked a few times then stared down at his cane, his eyebrows coming together to form a point on his brow.

"Is that right?" he said under his breath.

"Yeah," Vox answered. "It was like-"

He cut himself off again to scat a couple of *da, da, da's,* rapping his claws against the railing as he did. He bopped his head from side to side as he mumbled out some lyrics.

"You're the one…baby, the one…La la, *one*."

"No, no," Alastor interjected turning around once more so that he and Vox were elbow-to-elbow. "It was more of a- You're the one for *me*, ba-*by*. I'll hold you close, da da da…Love you the most-"

Vox nodded a finger at him, the two of them bopping along to the old song together, as it formed in both of their minds. They continued to sing in a harmony.

"There's no one else, only you.

I don't know what else to do,

Than love you forever, honey."

The song descended into shared laughter as their half-remembered lyrics stumbled into upbeat mumbling. Alastor snorted while Vox slapped a hand against the railing.

"Yes! That's it!" Vox exclaimed, snapping his fingers. He raised the cigarette to his mouth and shook his head as he stared off into the distance. "God, I haven't heard that song in years."

"Me neither," Alastor admitted.

Vox cast a fleeting glance at him before looking back out at the view. "I'm surprised you can even remember it. You were drunk as a skunk that night."

Alastor puffed out a laugh, poking Vox's shoe with the butt of his cane. "Oh, yes. Because you were the picture of sobriety yourself?"

"Hey, at least I didn't pass out at the altar then throw up all over my groom during the first dance."

Alastor couldn't argue with that, so he shrugged instead. "We both weren't at our best that night. I can only imagine that's the reason why you thought eloping sounded like a good idea at the time."

Vox flicked some ash in his direction. "Again, that wasn't my idea."

"Well, it certainly wasn't *mine*," Alastor argued.

Once again, that blanket of silence descended over them, snuffing out any further conversation. Alastor couldn't seem to find a comfortable grip for his cane in the palm of his hands. He kept passing it back and forth, from left to right, trying to puzzle out the little nagging seed burrowing through his mind and attempting to sprout. It was most perturbing. He scratched between his antlers with the pointy tip of his cane as Vox spoke up again.

“Still…even though it caused us all this grief—and I’d never in a million years marry you in my right mind-“ Alastor smiled sweetly at the finger Vox jabbed in his direction. Vox’s glare softened and he lowered his finger, staring down the cigarette smoke drifting into the air in a rising, curling trail. “It was a fun night.”

Alastor hummed an agreeable sound in the back of his throat. “Indeed, it was. Certainly, the most high-profile wedding that dingy little chapel ever saw.”

Vox laughed once under his breath before taking another drag. Alastor slid his eyes over to watch him as he did, a new idea beginning to flower in his mind. He tipped his head to the side, nearly resting his ear on his shoulder as he smiled up at Vox from beneath the frame of his lashes.

“Tell you what, hubby,” he said. “How about we make a deal?”

Vox jolted at his words, nearly inhaling his cigarette. He coughed up puffs of smoke as he hunched over the railing, clutching both it and his stomach in either hand. Alastor patiently waited for him to catch his breath and get himself under control, remaining in place.

“What?” Vox wheezed, turning to face him front on. His eyes watered with pixely tears as he coughed into his fist. “You’re being serious right now?”

“But of course,” Alastor replied, pushing himself off the railing and twirling his cane round in his hand. He brought the butt of it down with a purposeful slam to the ground between them, gripping the head with both hands. “I believe I’ve come up with a perfect compromise for the both of us. I will agree not to reap you of half of all the you hold dear, including your company. I’ll sign the divorce papers today and you’ll be free to cavort around town however you please with a clean conscience. I’ll even throw a couple of souls your way, if that’s not enough.”

Vox eyed him warily, doubtless waiting for the but to fall and cleave his hopes in two. Alastor decided to cut to the chase and put him out of his misery.

“But, in return, I keep all that I own, and you delegate a seat on your company board to me.”

“A seat?” Vox echoed, eyes perfectly round. “On the board? Why would you even want that?”

“Why, to keep an eye on my investment, of course,” Alastor prattled, pressing a hand to his own chest. He kept an eye cracked open, watching Vox for his reaction. So far, he was seeing sceptical confusion. That was alright. He could work just fine with that. “I won’t be a majority holder, by any means, but I do wish to keep an eye on things. Just to make sure my soon-to-be-ex-husband doesn’t make any…unwise business decisions.”

“Ah.” Vox wore a knowing frown, eying Alastor’s hands and his claws tapping away at his cane. “Of course. You want an excuse to spy on me.”

“Certainly not!” Alastor tipped his nose up, then cracked an eye open to smile at Vox. “I’m simply thinking of the future. Weren’t you always trying to push me to be more involved in

the latest, up-and-coming technology?"

"And you always shot me down," Vox said flatly.

He sighed, crossing his arms over his chest. Alastor could sense that he was there, right on the edge, wanting to say yes and get this whole mess sorted, over and done with. He just needed that last little push.

"I believe, when you think it over," Alastor said, slinking forward, "that you'll find the terms quite agreeable, both to you and me." He smiled, feeling the mischief glinting in his own eyes as he angled his head down to look up at Vox. "I'll even throw in a little bonus, just for you."

Vox quirked an eyebrow. "A bonus?"

"Yes. Just something extra. A cherry on top to sweeten the deal."

"And do I get to know what this cherry is?"

"Nope!" Alastor answered cheerily, relishing in Vox's answering pout. "It's a mystery bonus."

"Then how do I know it's worth it?" Vox asked.

Alastor kept his expression neutral as he replied, "It will be to you're liking. You can trust that."

Vox looked doubtful but his shoulders eventually relaxed, losing some of their tension. He rubbed the edge of his monitor as he thought. Alastor watched the battle play out in high def on his screen. It was a minute of Vox pacing around, humming to himself and scratching the back of his head, before he finally came to halt in front of Alastor once more.

"So, just to get this straight," Vox said, holding his hands out, "you'll give up any claim to Voxtek and my money if I don't try to nab any of your souls and let you sit on the board?"

"Glad to see your auditory processing hasn't completely degraded over time," Alastor chirped. He held a hand out, the green glow of binding dancing around his fingers. He felt his antlers branch a few points and his eyes flicker in and out of their regular colour to radio dial-black. "Do we have a deal?"

Vox stared at his hand a moment longer, wariness warring on his face, before slapping his hand against Alastor's. "Deal."

The moment their fingers locked around the other's hand, the green light enveloped them, binding their deal. It lasted only a handful of seconds before the light faded with a dull zap, but when Vox went to pull his hand back, Alastor held firm. At Vox's inquisitive look, Alastor smiled.

"You know, they were right," he began conversationally. "We never did *seal the deal,* did we?"

Vox's eyebrows drew together. "Wha-?"

His question ended with a startled yelp as Alastor yanked him in by the hand. Alastor shut his eyes and caught Vox's mouth in a kiss. He felt Vox stiffen against him, his hand spasming in Alastor's grip. Where their lips were pressed together, a current of static electricity passed through Alastor's mouth, zapping up and down his body in a light shock, making his hooves twitch in his boots and his ears stand to attention. The electricity crackled along his skin in a pleasant zing and zapped between his antlers, only fading away when Alastor leaned back, breaking the kiss.

He watched Vox blink his eyes open, looking dazed, his mouth still shaped around a pucker. Alastor offered him an amused smiled and patted the side of his monitor, making his antennae bobble atop his head.

"There's your bonus," Alastor told him and let go of his hand.

He swiped his cane up as he made for the door, hands folded neatly behind his back and whistling a jaunty tune. He couldn't say if his good mood was a result of Vox's electricity still coursing through his veins or the stupefied look he'd managed to spring on Vox with one little kiss. Either way, he threw the door open with enough enthusiasm to have it crashing into the wall with a loud clatter, rattling on its hinges.

He grinned at Vox, who hadn't moved from his spot on the balcony, gripping the handrail for support.

"Now, we're married!" he announced. "See you inside for the divorce, dear!"

And he slammed the door shut behind him.

It was some time later when Vox and Alastor returned to the conference room to find the Voxtek legal team all sprawled out in their chairs, some with their heads down on the table, others curled up into balls. One was flat on his back under the table. Vox was only 50% sure he was alive. The only two left standing were Luga and Rosie, both of whom where still sat in their chairs, facing each other and hunched over their stacks of papers. Documents and sheets of paper were strewn in haphazard towers between them. Even as Vox and Alastor stepped inside, they were haggling, speaking over each other and vigourously underlining things, sending blobs of ink steaking across the papers.

It was only when Vox loudly cleared his throat that they both turned their heads towards them. Luga tried to stand.

"Oh, Sir. There you are," she grunted, her seat still stuck around her wide hips. She struggled for a few seconds, Rosie watching her with a pleasant smile, making no move to help, until she sat back down with a resigned sigh.

"Don't make yourself too comfortable, Luga," Vox muttered, walking back to his seat, stepping over a couple of his collapsed employees to get there. "We'll be leaving in a

minute."

This got her attention, as well as Rosie's.

"Sir?" Luga asked.

Vox spared a look at Alastor. Or, he tried too, but he got one glimpse of Alastor's smiling mouth, immediately felt his insides heat up like his body was being nuked in a giant oven, and swiftly flicked his gaze back to Luga. He coughed into his fist to mask the sound of his internal fans whirring.

"Alastor and I have come to an agreement ourselves," he said.

Rosie blinked at Alastor, who took his seat beside her once more. "Is that right?"

"Indeed, it is," Alastor said, snapping his fingers and spawning an old-fashioned scroll in the air before him. It unfurled, tumbling onto the table, and rolling out the list of stipulations he and Vox had come up with. Rosie plucked it out of the air to read herself while Alastor explained. "The two of us have agreed that all this fighting does no one any good. I would so hate for things to turn ugly. After all, Vox has two children waiting back home who need him."

Vox snorted but didn't disagree. He watched Rosie flick her black eyes down the length of the scroll before handing it over to Luga, who adjusted her reading glasses before looking it over herself. At the bottom of the page was both his and Alastor's signatures, side-by-side, just as they had appeared on their marriage certificate. The thought stirred something hot and bubbly in the pit of Vox's stomach, like he'd drunk too much soda.

"Well, this is a pleasant turn of events," Rosie remarked, threading her fingers together. She was casting a searching look at Alastor, who was doing his best to ignore her as he whistled at the ceiling. "I'm glad the two of you were able to sort things out like gentleman." She spoke behind her hand to Alastor in a stage whisper. "But I won't lie, I was enjoying myself there. Give them Hell, indeed!"

"Hmph," Luga grunted, setting the scroll down. As she did, Alastor snapped his fingers and the scroll vanished. She glanced at him and said, "I'll be needing a copy of that for our records." He waved his agreement and she dug a sheet of paper from the bottom of one of her piles. She slid it over to Vox. "Well, since you've managed to come to an agreement yourselves, all that's left is to sign the divorce papers."

Vox stared down at the paper as Luga muttered something about the hassle it was to sort through the tax bullshit when Alastor hadn't filed a single tax return his entire afterlife. His chest was oddly heavy as he scribbled out his name and slid the paper across the table to Alastor. Alastor accepted it and flicked a finger, summoning the same fancy, silver-plated fountain pen he'd been ready to use to end his marriage to Vox the other day in Vee tower. He hummed to himself as he angled the tip of the pen against the paper. He aimed a smile up at Vox, shadows swimming in those gorgeous red eyes of his.

“’Til death do we part,” Alastor recited, then scrawled his name, complete with smiley face. He grinned and tossed the pen over his shoulder, where it promptly vanished into thin air. “Or ‘til right now!” He lowered his chin to his hand and smiled, eyelids heavy. “Happy divorce, dear.”

At that moment, the closet door flew open and Angel and the pixie demon on Vox’s legal team stumbled out. Their clothes were in disarray, their hair fluffed up and sticking out in all directions. Bite marks adorned the side of Angel’s neck and the pixie collapsed, face-down on the carpet, a dreamy smile on his face.

All heads were turned in their direction. Angel froze for a moment, his eyes flicking from Vox, to Rosie, before settling on Alastor. He offered him a sheepish grin as he tried straightened up his tie.

“Hey, I heard the word *divorce*. Did we win?”

Alastor sighed and pinched his brow.

Charlie waved to Luga (who had escaped her chair with one mighty flex, breaking it to pieces) and the other lawyers as they all filed out the door, wishing each of them a cheery farewell.

“Thanks so much for coming!” she chirped, hands clasped together. “You’re welcome back any time!”

Most shuffled past with mumbled thanks of their own, before piling into the waiting limo. Luga watched over all of them with a keen eye. She glared especially hard at the pixie demon, who scurried past hastily. Angel called after him, his hand held up to his head in a *call me* gesture. Rosie approached Luga, the two women staring each other down. The moment was broken when Rosie fished a business card out of her purse and held it out to Luga.

“I can appreciate a woman with drive,” Rosie explained, an impish twinkle in her eyes. “Gimme a call if you’re ever lookin’ for a job.”

Luga stared at the card in Rosie’s hand for a moment before taking it without a word. She stuffed it inside her suit jacket, then followed the other lawyers over to the limo. She paused by the open door to look back at Vox.

“Ready, Sir?”

He nodded, though he was looking at Alastor, stood off to the side on the front porch, smiling cryptically as he watched Vox’s legal team pile into the limo. Vox approached him slowly, his nerves jittery, as though anticipating Alastor would grab his arm again and pull him in for another kiss.

Dreading? Hoping?

“Well,” Vox began, unsure how else to open things. Alastor’s ear twitching was the only indication he got that Alastor was listening. “It should take a little while to get finalised, but Luga seems confident that she’ll be able to speed up the process.”

“Ah, yes,” Alastor said airily. “One of the pros of having money and influence.”

“One of many,” Vox corrected. He dug his hands into his pockets and looked away, discomfort prickling under his skin. He didn’t know what he’d been waiting for—hoping for. He was as likely to get closure from a rock than he was to get it from Alastor.

Suddenly, a clawed finger was gripping the bottom of his monitor, turning his head round to face Alastor’s devious grin. Vox was pinned to the spot by their close proximity, Alastor’s eyes locked on his nailing his feet to the floorboards.

“Don’t look so glum, my dear,” Alastor crooned. “If it’s any consolation, you were the best husband I ever had.” He waited a moment, leaving Vox’s breath lodged in his throat, before he released him and stepped back, wiggling his fingers. “And the worst! Best of luck. I can’t *wait* for the next board meeting.”

He cackled something dark and menacing before melting into a shadowy puddle and slipping back inside the hotel. It took Luga calling out his name again for Vox to be shocked back to his senses. His feet moved of their own accord, carrying him away from the hotel and Alastor.

His ex-husband.

Vox shivered as he climbed inside the limo.

Alastor materialised in his favourite armchair in the parlour, keeping his ears pricked and listening. He heard the sound of the engine starting, then the car pulling away from the grassy lawn, the rumble disappearing into the distance until it was gone. He folded his hands together over his knee and with a look summoned music to the radio. A pleasing melody filled the lobby and he sank back against the cushions with a content sigh, conjuring a cup of tea in his hands. He sipped as Charlie and Vaggie both came to sit across from him on the chaise longue.

“So?” Charlie asked. “How’d it go?”

“He won’t be coming back, will he?” Vaggie piped up, a heavy frown tugging the corner of her mouth down and making Alastor titter under his breath.

“Everything went perfectly smooth. And no, they will not be coming again,” he reassured them.

Angel happened to pass by, grinning to himself as he popped the top few buttons on his dress shirt, exposing his fluffy chest.

“Speak for yourself,” he said. *“My* guy’s definitely comin’ again.”

Alastor rolled his eyes but kept his smile as he sipped from his cup and Angel skipped up the stairs. The girls continued to look at him, waiting for what, he didn't know.

"But you're sure it's all over?" Vaggie questioned. "It kind of seems too easy for it all to be over and done with, just like that."

"I *assure* you, my dear," Alastor emphasised, "that it is all settled and finalised. Vox and I are no more. That chapter is completely shut. Finished."

Vaggie and Charlie looked at each other while Alastor stared into the fire, drinking his tea. All the while, the radio continued to play a familiar song.

"There's no one else, only you.

I don't know what else to do,

Than love you forever, honey."

Vox arrived back at VQ sometime later. He dismissed his legal team and headed straight for the penthouse floor, exhaustion pulling at his limbs. The elevator dinged open into the longue space, revealing Velvette and Valentino both sprawled across the longue. Velvette was sat in Val's lap, sketching away on her tablet while Val laid back, propped up on some cushions and sipping a martini. Vox could go for one of those himself. They both perked up at the sound of his shoes clopping across the tiled floor.

"There you are," Velvette barked, lowering her tablet. "You've been gone all fucking day."

"Yeah, well," Vox sighed, shrugging out of his suit jacket, "there was a lot of work to do. Something you two slackers wouldn't know anything about."

"So, how'd it go?" Val asked, ignoring Vox's barb. "Am I not gonna be able to cuck the Radio Demon when we fuck anymore?"

"If that's you're way of asking me if Alastor and I are officially divorced," Vox mumbled, tossing his jacket on the floor and dragging his feet as he made his way towards his bedroom, "then yes."

Val clicked his tongue in disappointment. "Ah. What a shame. I know some types who'd be really into that kind of thing."

"I'm sure you do," Vox yawned, rubbing at his stinging eyes. He reached his room, the doors sliding open at his approach. He paused in the doorway, his hand curled around the frame. Sticking his head around the corner, he called out, "By the way, Alastor's on the Voxtek board of directors now," before slipping inside and letting the doors swish shut behind him.

He heard Velvette's muffled, *"What?!"* through the wall but he was too busy collapsing onto his bed to care. With a long groan, he buried his face into his pillow, trying to squeeze his eyes shut and block the events of the day from his mind. But try as he might, all he could see

in his mind were Alastor’s twin ruby eyes. All he could hear was his tinkling laugh and the sonorous tone of his voice saying Vox’s name. All he could feel was the press of his mouth against his, frying Vox’s systems and nearly short-circuiting his heart.

Shit. He needed to get a hold of himself if he was going to be seeing Alastor on a regular basis to do business. The thought thrilled and terrified him in equal measure.

“Fuuuck,” he whined into the pillow, kicking his feet.

He swore he was never getting drunk again.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! If anyone's curious, the song Alastor and Vox mention as their first dance song isn't a real song, I just made it up lol.

You can find me on Tumblr @ otsmosis and Twitter @ms_miskatonic :)

End Notes

Find me on Tumblr at ostmosis and Twitter at ms_miskatonic. As always, comments and kudos are much appreciated! Thanks for reading ^^

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!